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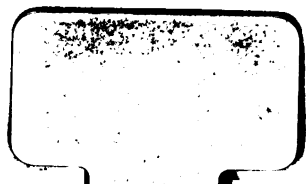
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HEIDELBERG
AND THE
WAY THITHER
BY NIL.

45. 414.



HEIDELBERG

AND

THE WAY THITHER.

BY NIL.

"Scitum est periculum ex aliis facere."

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DEDICATION.

THE following pages pretend to nothing beyond a little experimental information. To those who have never been in Germany to reside, and to those who have never yet been there at all, they may present some useful hints; at the same time, they are more especially dedicated to those of either party who are contemplating a sojourn in this interesting locality. By them, perhaps, no apology will be required for the appearance of this publication, and for the rest—why—in these days of economy, both in time and money, it is scarcely likely any others will look into it, far less purchase it, notwithstanding the invaluable maxims with which it abounds! To them, therefore, no apology is necessary.

Heidelberg, 1844.

OBSERVATIONS INTRODUCTORY.

SINCE, at all times, one great means of expanding and instructing the human mind has been considered to exist in travel, it is with some a matter of surprise, that so many people are found returning to their own country with views, if possible, more prejudiced and contracted than those they possessed when they left its shores. But to prepare for the reception of the improvement derivable therefrom, previous observation, reading, and thinking, are necessary. "If a man would bring home knowledge, he must take knowledge out with him;" and his head and heart must be in good travelling condition as well as his pocket. Sur-

prise will therefore cease when it is discovered that so many go abroad furnished but with the last of these requisites, without one fixed principle of conduct or character; without any settled plan of improvement or action beyond that of a vain and idle curiosity, commonly expressed by a desire "to see all that can be seen;" they appear to regard the opportunity only as one of procuring new pleasures, or as affording the means of dissipation rather than instruction in the countries they visit. Hence they return home, not only no better, but frequently much worse subjects than they were when they set out, in consequence of the vicious habits and opinions they contract during the gratification of their rambling propensities. Multitudes of these animals daily cross your path to your annoyance or temporary amusement, as the case may be; but it is more painful than otherwise to observe, upon what ridiculous grounds opinions are formed, or received, and expressed, by this class of travellers; who, instead of coming abroad, might have added more to their little stock of

knowledge, by observing the manners and customs, and conversing with the "elders and wise men" of the villages, in their own neighbourhood!

I am about to introduce to you one of this tribe, whom I encountered at Antwerp, on his migration to Brussels, where his brother held some official appointment. We found ourselves "en tête de profil" at the table d'hôte de St. Antoine, during which he opened upon me, and quickly gave me to understand the nature and extent of his rambles. From the length of his "range" it might have been Captain Warner himself; and I was, of course, most sensibly impressed in the presence of such a great gun. When I ventured a look at him, I found the exterior of a gentleman, notwithstanding his blazing cravat and chain-cabled waistcoat, which are not always to be received as the best evidences. He wore his hair, hands, teeth, all well, evidently had a capital tailor, and the only thing at first which led me to doubt the truth of these outward and visible signs, was his very loud talking; a habit that, under such circum-

stances, always forces upon my mind a somewhat different conclusion. Myself but little of a traveller compared with him, and at the time en route by way of Rotterdam to Mannheim, I sought information from my more experienced neighbour, much in the same spirit as some light-winged wanderer of the deep might be supposed to speak with a huge steamer that had been half round the world, and all the "good" I got is diligently set forth for your benefit in the following chapter.

With the other subject matter of his conversation it is quite unnecessary to trouble my readers.

* * * *

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HEIDELBERG.

CHAPTER I.

FRAGMENTS OF A TABLE D'HOTE CONVERSATION, SHOWING HOW
"NEARLY ALL THE WORLD" GOES TO GERMANY, AND THOUGH
NO "FABLE," CONTAINING A "MORAL" WHICH THE REST OF
THE WORLD WILL DO WELL TO BEAR ALWAYS IN MIND.

Author. "Have you ever been in Germany?"

Traveller. "Oh yes! In these days 'nearly all the world' goes there. I know Germany well. I visited many of its chief cities, and saw a good deal of its inhabitants."

A. "Then you probably lived there some time?"

T. "No, thank God, I never lived much amongst them. I was only away five months altogether, and returned home by Switzerland and France."

A. "Only five months altogether, and yet talk of knowing well both Germany and the Germans!"

T. To be sure I do, and I could easily make a book out of the materials collected in my way. I saw the Rhenish towns—Heidelberg, Nürnberg, and Bamberg, Baden, Marienbad, and several other principal bathing places; went to Dresden, and Saxon Switzerland; crossed the plain of Bohemia; saw Prague, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and beside those—

A. Whew! Now then, do pray stop and breathe a little, for I should think you scarcely could do on your journey."

T. "Oh yes, I assure you, there was plenty of time, and besides all this, I was going on to say, besides all this, our party went up the Rhine and down the Danube; so that with these oppor-

tunities of travel, and excellent introductions to various German families, I think I may be allowed to have had the best means of knowing something both of the country and people."

A. "Hem! Something, certainly—and what did you think of them?"

T. "The country is glorious, but I don't like the people at all; they are a cold, unsympathizing set, dirty and deceitful, and the innkeepers to a man are all thieves!"

* * * *

Well, thought I, this is going up the Rhine and down the Danube with a vengeance! Yet it unfortunately happens not to be a solitary instance. There are, alas! hundreds, perhaps thousands, of individuals who thus for a few months scamper about Germany, and who, in such a manner, under such or even more limited means of information, allow themselves to judge, speak, aye, and boldly to write too, of the whole people and country!

* * * *

Such opinions make one sick—

* * * *

Nevertheless, spite of l'envie de vomir, hoping some good might result from tracing to its origin this kind of testimony, I ventured upon a few more questions, when at length I discovered, that in consequence, as it seemed to me, of his own infirmity of temper, he had been "at outs" with two landlords and one landlady, and had been cheated by one or two washerwomen; that in some cases more horses had been imposed than he considered necessary for the carriage of his party, (he might not be the most disinterested judge); that (chiefly in Bohemia) the inns were dirty; that the innkeepers on the Rhine, and elsewhere would, when they had the opportunity, make high charges; that shopkeepers had various prices for the same article; that a tailor, who mended his coat, had said it would cost 15 kreutzers, but charged 30; that his English friends had been made to pay a florin and a half beyond the usual price for a bad portion dinner from an hotel;

and, finally, that their German acquaintance declined going with them to the police bureau to resist the extortionate demands of the hotel-keeper and tailor. Whereupon, the all-consuming fire of his wrath was kindled, and his abuse levelled against the whole nation; amongst whom are to be found as much warmth of feeling, intellect, and worth—as many amiable characters and kindly hearts, as in any other country on the face of the earth.

* * * *

Let no opinions of men, countries, or things, be for one moment admitted, till you have carefully informed yourself under what circumstances they were obtained; for, what would be said of a man who professed to understand the nature of the aeriform fluids and the geological structure of the earth, merely because he had been “up” in a balloon, and “down” in a coal-pit?

CHAPTER II.

BEING FOR THE ESPECIAL BENEFIT OF THOSE READERS MENTIONED IN THE DEDICATION.

THE object in the foregoing chapter is to show you, from the testimony of one of its many representatives, how "nearly all the world" goes to Germany, and the mode he adopted is one which you will find too frequent even amongst those who have "written" upon this interesting country. If you have the least desire to travel in the same scampering fashion, you had better lay this book down again, for you will find nothing in it to afford encouragement to any such dissipation of time and money, my present destination being no farther than Heidelberg. If, on the other hand, our views and objects happen to be the

same, and you purpose either to visit or reside awhile in this part of Germany, it shall be my endeavour to enable you to avoid the errors, inconveniences, delays, and imposition, to which, without some previous information or personal experience, you will inevitably be subjected, both on your journey and here. But let me not be mistaken; the brightest sky may have its flying clouds, and in these respects Germany is not worse than other countries, while in others it is perhaps better off than a good many. Much, however, depends upon the character, information, views, and above all, the temper possessed by those who enter it, too many of whom, from various causes, bring upon themselves the difficulties of which they afterwards complain. In truth the Englishman abroad is a strange being — oftentimes with so much of the “mauvaise honte,” or so little of the “savoir faire,” that it appears impossible for him to get comfortably along. He takes his family to an hotel; the porteur, proprietor, and waiters bow and smile him

gently onward to where rich English carpets, par excellence, splendid hangings, damask chairs, and polished mirrors, adorn the rooms. His attendants bow and smile again, and, having thus placed him in a pleasant-enough-sort-of-fix, and probably received his orders for a six o'clock dinner in his own salon, they retire, leaving him, like Aladdin the celebrated, delighted if not astonished at the magnificence around him. He finds himself in a room that would not disgrace the mansion of an English nobleman; he highly extols the comforts of continental hotels; nor is it until he finds heavy charges for smart rooms and late dinners, that his eyes are a little opened, and he begins to grumble at what he then chooses to call the extortions practised abroad. He perhaps does not know that if the ruler of the duchy came to that very hotel, and did not (which he most likely would do) content himself with humbler rooms, he would probably occupy the same or an adjoining suite, they being amongst the best the house affords. As such they are offered to

the English traveller ; if he do not object to them, the maître d'hôte naturally enough concludes he is well pleased with the attention shown him, and never doubts either his inclination or ability to pay for it.

In the next place he does not consider that Germany is a very primitive, old fashioned sort of a country, possessing, among other sensible habits, that of dining at half past twelve* or one o'clock, when he will be well and cheaply served at the table d'hôte ; the evening meal is prepared about seven, and every intermediate cookery involves, besides some little extra expense, a great deal of extra trouble, easily appreciated by those acquainted with German habits. Added to this, it may be relied upon his dinner will consist of the warmed up fragments of the table d'hôte, which, however much comfort it may convey to

* Many hotels offer to the caprices or accommodation of travellers, a table d'hôte at four o'clock, or even later ; but I have always found it much dearer, though not better than the former.

some in the assurance that the meat will stand no chance of being underdone, may suggest to some others a sufficient reason for compliance with the customs of the country in this particular ; but if not, there is no ground of complaint against charges which are always still further increased by dining in your own salon.

In the before-mentioned instance of the apartments, by no means a rare one, a German traveller would avoid them altogether. What ! leave the house ? No ; but as all continental hotels, particularly, have rooms of various grades of expense, he would quietly ask for them on another floor, and would not blush to say the former were too costly for him. This admission the Englishman would unfortunately be slow to make ; he, therefore, takes his ease, eats, drinks, and is merry, till the bill comes in and disperses alike his good humour and his coin. He pays, it is true, but he grumbles resolutely all the while, abusing the continental system, and wondering how the deuce it is that any one can so far deceive himself and others as to call it cheap,

but it is he who is in the wrong ; it, nevertheless, is cheap, and the reason it is not so to him, arises from his ignorance of the habits of the people, a false sense of shame, or more frequently still, perhaps, from a love of display, for which he only gets laughed at, while his landlord sits archly singing the most approved German version of,



"The ducks and the geese they do swim over," &c.

Then again, as regards the servants, he is almost sure (and to do him justice notwithstanding his ill-humour) to overdo the matter here also. Oh! he must give roundly to the servants. Why? Because it is the custom at home: very well, at home then do so if you please, but, in this country, it is only done by a few under extraordinary circumstances; while by far the greater proportion of native travellers give little or nothing; nor, indeed, does it seem to be expected upon a large scale from any but the Englishman, who, in his

efforts to avoid what he considers to be meanness, too often rushes into the other extreme, and thus, by his silly profusion, invites the extortion he afterwards condemns.

All this, and much more of the same kind may be daily witnessed abroad; but enough for my present purpose, and for both of us to lament, because through such folly others suffer. I will, however, hope better things of you, and that you will do what in you lies to rescue the character of our countrymen from the imputation of possessing more money than wit; especially as so far from its being well founded, the converse, as you well know, is too true with some of the best of us.

In all that remains to be said my intention is, therefore, to proceed under the supposition that neither of us has any to spare — don't be offended—money I mean; and that a proper desire exists to control its expenditure. Without this understanding, you may perhaps be disposed to quarrel with your well-wisher and guide, whereby we should both sustain considerable damage.

Please, therefore, to bear in mind, most discriminating reader, for that you are so your present occupation fully evinces, the object herein aimed at is to assist the views of a respectable economy, rather than display; and for the suggestions which it may be felt desirable to offer, they are founded solely on personal experience, by personal experience may be fully verified, and it is to be hoped, they are given in a somewhat less acrimonious spirit than certain other "German Experiences," which have lately made their appearance from the pen of one, who, although he still persists in calling himself a member of the Society of Friends, strangely casts behind his back the mild and gentle precepts of that estimable body to which he professes to belong.

CHAPTER III.

QUESTIONES VEXATÆ.

WHERE shall we go to? is generally the first question proposed to ourselves under a contemplated residence abroad. It is not necessary, perhaps, to trouble you with the reasons which influenced my particular decision in favour of Germany, because our meeting together at this page renders it more than probable you are already quite satisfied with the conclusion arrived at. This point, then, being settled, the equally important question follows,—to which of the towns there?

But to answer this satisfactorily, is much more difficult than it may at first appear, because certain local considerations must be taken into account

by all prudent people, and it is next to impossible to obtain, in an authentic form, the information you require. The difficulty, moreover, is still further increased, because each of your acquaintance who has visited the country is unfortunately pressing upon you his recommendation of some particular place which he eulogizes, not so much perhaps because it is incomparably beyond the rest in what you may require, as because his impressions of it happen to partake more of the "couleur de rose" than was the case in the other towns he saw. Possibly he had more sun or less gout—had a better dinner and easier digestion, the result, perhaps, of an easier bill—found more agreeable travelling companions, or according to the peculiar bias of his mind was better amused there than elsewhere; forgetting amidst all or any of these, that a residence of a year or two might greatly modify, if not altogether change his opinion of a place that he had before only known for a day or two.

Take a few examples in that way, and the

reasons which influenced the advice of each, as given in my own case—

“So you are going to reside for a time in Germany?”

“Yes.”

“Where do you go to?”

“Ah! that’s just what I want to decide upon.”

“Well! I know something of the Rhine, and I should recommend Düsseldorf; it is so easily reached, so clean and cheap too; there is a good public library, a tolerable school of painting, and the gardens are excellent and quiet.” He was a bit of a loungeur.

Here I became the questioner, — “Is it healthy?”

“I don’t know.”

I had already heard from those who had lived there, that its recommendations in this important particular were not very great, and its low situation, and the abundance of stagnant water in the aforesaid gardens, would certainly go far to justify the opinion.

* * * "I should advise Coblenz," said another, "it is so beautifully situated, indeed there is not a prettier town on the Rhine; it is well placed for the usual excursions, and the society is agreeable." He was quite right, but here again a troublesome habit of asking questions led me to inquire about lodgings there, living, &c. He knew nothing about these matters, having stayed at an hotel.

* * * "To Mannheim," said the next, "because it is a healthy, well-built, handsome town, with a good opera too; it is well supplied with provisions and cheap, and there are plenty of English there."

* * * "To Frankfort or Mainz," said a fourth, "they are most lively towns, they lie well for seeing all the best points of interest, and afford easy access to the bathing-places, where, at certain seasons, you are as well entertained as in London or Paris."

* * * "To Berlin or Vienna," said the fifth, "where you may have the best society, are in

the vicinity of a court, and close to our own ambassadors."

* * * A sixth advised Dresden or Munich. He was a great admirer of the fine arts, therefore his preference was perfectly natural, and easily accounted for.

* * * Another recommended Salzburg. He had read "Sir Humphrey Davy," and unmindful of the dismal goître which abounds there, thought only of its fine scenery, and, moreover, was grievously addicted to angling!

And so they went on.

But since schools of painting, picturesque position, good operas, proximity to the bathing-places, the neighbourhood of a court, fine arts, nor fishing, though good reasons in themselves for a visit, might under some circumstances furnish none for a residence, I was glad to retreat from my numerous advisers, whose opinions were so slightly grounded, and whose views as to places of abode contemplated so much that I could dispense with, and so little that I required. It was easy to

perceive they spoke as mere travellers. I took up one "guide book" after another, and many a "tourist," but all failed to give me the practical kind of information required in my circumstances. Indeed it was idle to expect they would, since neither our objects, position, nor stay could possibly agree. In vain I sought it elsewhere; nor man nor books that I could find, seemed capable of supplying it. In the latter it existed not, and as to the former, those who had been for a short time in the country only served to furnish me with negative examples—beacons, just to show me where I ought not to go, and what I ought not to do.

The question, then, at the early part of this chapter, remaining still undisposed of, what was to be done? There seemed nothing for it but to see the country and judge for oneself! I did so; and am about to put you in possession of the results of my journey, briefly giving you my impressions by the way. Meanwhile, having already written three chapters to-day, and feel-

ing just now disinclined to continue it any longer, I must beg permission to break off awhile; for one is "disposed to write," not because he "sits down," but he sits down because he is disposed to write.

This inclination ceasing for the present,

Au revoir.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH IS LITTLE MORE THAN A CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER III.

“**REFICIT** audientem certo singularum partium fine, non aliter quam facientibus iter, multum detrahunt fatigationis notata spatia inscriptis lapidibus; nam et exhausti laboris nosse mensuram voluptati est exhortatur ad reliqua fortuis exequenda scire quantum supersit.” So far Quintilian:

Why, what on earth has Quintilian got to do with your book?

A good deal more than you think for, inasmuch as what he says of discourses may be most fittingly applied here; and it enables me to reply

to a question from one of my friends, "Why a small volume like this should be cut up into chapters?" But to one like myself totally unaccustomed to the art of authorship, it renders much easier the expression of what has to be conveyed to the reader. Only try it in your "first attempt," and you will be delighted with the plan; the pauses it affords you are like so many rest-and-be-thankful-stones to a weary traveller, where he can reflect on what has been said, and look forward to what is to follow, and should I ever, which you are expected devoutly to wish to be the case, bring out another book, it certainly will not be wanting in chapters whatever its lot may be as regards readers. I have also somewhere or other read, "that a book without chapters is like a road without turnings," for the reason as I suppose, that notwithstanding the fruits and flowers to be found by the wayside, it becomes tiresome and monotonous in the absence of anything to mark one's progress. I do remember me of such an one

leading from Heidelberg straight as an arrow to the pond at the bottom of Schwetzingen gardens; and who that has walked that road on a rainy day can ever forget it? But a road full of turnings brings fresh interest at every point gained, and so heaven shield me from Schwetzingen roads, and you from "books without chapters!"

The question then still recurring as stated at the close of the last chapter, I once more turned to the guides, of whom it must be admitted Murray is the very Pope; indeed, if the latter have no more errors to answer for than he of the "Red Book," infallibility may scarcely be questioned, and His Holiness will probably by and bye come off much better than is expected.

Reader. "I thought you said the guide books could not give you the particular information you required."

Author. "So I did, but they could tell me much that I wanted to know about passports and money, for without care and regularity in

both these important items, your troubles will soon begin, and your travels soon end — “your fix” very unlike that of the Englishman, at page 16, probably being the police bureau or the town prison!

And now, gentle reader, since you have interrupted me twice in one chapter, permit me to repeat that I am not used to writing books, and being, moreover of the same opinion as a certain person in “Crofton Croker’s Irish Legends,* viz. that interruptions and explanations spoil a good story, I must beg you will allow me to proceed in my own way, and not break in upon me with either. You may rely upon the fullest information which I can consistently afford you on all points, bearing in mind the objects with which we set out; but you must neither be captious nor petulant. And to this I will just add the request, that, whatever you find in this volume which you flatter yourself you

* Vide, Ned Sheehy’s Excuse.

are already acquainted with, you will kindly pass it over; and what you don't like, pray consider it as not written for your perusal, and pass over that too.

CHAPTER V.

ON PASSPORTS AND MONEY—BEING, AFTER ALL, THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTER IN THE BOOK.

If you adopt the plan of coming by way of Rotterdam, as hereafter recommended, your passport had better be obtained of the Prussian consul, and a countersign at the office of the Dutch consulate, whose several addresses you will find in any almanack or directory. Half-a-sovereign is or was charged for the passport, and five shillings for the visé.

There is at present but little difficulty in this respect, till you approach the Austrian territory; when the greatest caution and regularity become necessary. Only in the present Spring (1844) a party went from hence to Milan with a passport

not "selon la règle;" they were detained and delayed, while one of their number travelled a distance of nearly 100 miles and back, to obtain the requisite signature of an Austrian Minister, without which it is not permitted to cross the frontier.

Cheap as things are in this country, money is wanted even here; so that some arrangements on this score are previously necessary. Herries, Coutts, and others, will furnish you with circular notes payable in any of the principal towns to which you may be going, without, as you are led to believe, any deduction beyond what you are sure to sustain in the rate of exchange, which, strange to say, is always against England! Those who for the first time compare the handsome and valuable coinage of England with much of the miserable looking and debased money of other countries may be a little surprised at this; and to understand it requires a peculiar insight into commercial matters. Then to see a beautiful English "sovereign" going for eleven ugly por-

traits of bearded men upon just so many florins, and divers villainously dirty-looking, and very coppery kreutzers, is enough to make one's heart sink. Why, the profile alone of our own blessed little queen is worth ten times as much as they give you in exchange for gold and all!

As a rule, it is better for travellers not to bring gold into this country, as it is not the most portable money, and is mostly sold at a loss. When staying for any length of time in a place, contrive, if possible, to draw on England, when the course of exchange is inviting enough, and you may not unfrequently sell your bill at par. In any other way you must always suffer the loss of exchange, and expenses of various kinds into the bargain, together amounting at the least to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Should you apply to Herries for some of their circular billets, just give my compliments, and inquire how it is that neither theirs, nor those of other bankers, can ever be sold to any of their numerous correspondents without further deduc-

tions being made under various pretexts, beyond what they lead you to suppose, even when payment is required in the common coin of the country, and not in any coin that bears a premium. A good many of us abroad would be glad to be enlightened upon this point, and if properly explained, it may save yourself and others some loss of the kind, and all travellers an equal share of vexation and disappointment, in quarters where they have no right to expect it.

The best coin to get in Holland is the Wilhelm, worth ten guilders of 1s. 8d. each, and passing current for 17s. These are of gold—very honest looking, and are readily taken all through Germany ; so also are the Prussian one, five, and ten dollar notes, which you will find both portable and serviceable.

Never change your money at the hotels, or at the recommendation of any waiter ; but in all these transactions always go at once to a respectable money-changer or banker, where you can at any time see the printed “ course of exchange,” other-

wise you are almost sure to be consigned over to the lower class of Jews, and will be terribly fleeced. I have known instances of travellers receiving (on the journey) 115 florins for £10 *English sterling*, at the time when I was obtaining 119½!

When you go to the Steam Navigation Company's offices, don't be persuaded to take a ticket "the whole way;" for though they may advise it, and offer a reduction upon your doing so, it is for their interest, and not with any view to your accommodation or comfort. You place yourself quite at their mercy, and knowing that you are "safe," or what is far more interesting to them, that your money is, your convenience is altogether secondary; delays occur, which, although they perhaps cannot help, you had better avoid by the little extra payment involved in the usual charges, on taking your berth from time to time, according to your pleasure.

On the Rhine, we found the Cologne Company's boats preferable as to accommodation and appointments.

CHAPTER VI.

BRING FULL OF DUTCH "TALES."

No doubt you have heard people say what a pleasant thing it is to be awakened by the sun shining in at the bed-room window of some foreign hotel—to find yourself in good health, and for the first time positively on the continent—your purse and passport, of which the necessity has been already hinted, safe in your pocket—your portmanteau, having survived its examination, quietly reposing by your bedside, and "cares and the custom house" left behind you; and so it is. But ere these most agreeable discoveries can be made, you must cross the "Herring Pond," somewhere or other, and if you have no dread of sea-

sickness, go at once to Rotterdam,* for you will find it to be the most impressive point of debarkation that can be chosen.

Few, however, of those who steam thither, and then hurry up the Rhine, or make a galloping journey across the Netherlands, by way of avoiding the monotonous Dutch shores of that river, are aware, and therefore ought to be very much obliged to me for endeavouring to tell them, what they lose by the omission to explore Holland—a country which to the eye of a stranger presents so many objects of curiosity, interest, and wonder,—whose extent, scarcely beyond that of one of the largest English counties, swarms with inhabitants whose skill and perseverance, triumphing over the most fearful natural obstacles, have rendered a delta of sand a highly interesting and beautiful

* Should you prefer to shorten your sea voyage, you can go to Dover by an “evening train,” start the following morning by the mail packet, to Ostend, (in about six hours), and then on to Cologne, per railroad, where you may embark on a Rhine steamer. But in this case get a Belgium signature to your passport.

example of fertility. But don't be alarmed, I am not going into any long dissertation upon this subject, nor shall I trespass upon the manorial rights of either "guides" or "tourists," by any detailed descriptions beyond such as are necessary in order to redeem the promise I made a few pages ago. Nevertheless, if you have time and money to spare, by no means omit to travel through Holland, for it will well repay you for the expenditure of both. For the present, return we to Rotterdam, which indeed we have not yet entered.

In many places you would scarcely feel that you were out of your own country, but there, every object the eye rests upon is foreign, strange, and strangely foreign. You are amongst "Tableaux vivants" of the old Dutch masters. The dresses of the servants, the earrings, fillets, hair-pins, and shoes—the windmills whose giant arms extend all over the country—the horses and sledges—ships and sailors—tubs, tools, women's caps, and men's breeches—all different from

any thing of the kind ever before seen. Then the kitchen utensils bright and glittering, apparently fitter for show than for service; the drawbridges and canals margined in almost every street by rows of trees, which, especially after lamplight, have a peculiarly pretty effect; so also the colours of the houses, albeit many of them bear a deep, dull-looking, Dutch-like gravity about them—all these are totally different from the like-named persons, matters, utensils, colours, and things any where else in the whole world.

You will perceive fixed against every druggist's shop, a hideous figure-head, generally that of a "nigger," whose protruding tongue and distended eye-balls proclaim him to be suffering under the last influences of a powerful emetic. What the original intention may have been in attaching such an appendage cannot now be easily understood, for at any time its probable effect would be to deter from entering those who might be about to test the medical skill of the shopkeeper, by the vivid portraiture it exhibits of the awful consequences likely to ensue from so rash a step.

One of the most agreeable walks in Rotterdam is on the quay of the 'Boompjees, which is lined with elms, and extends upwards of a mile along the river. The name given to it signifies "little trees," but most of these have long ago grown out of knowledge, except in a few instances, where, like certain of the houses, they seem to have been young, grown old, and afterwards become young again.

The greatest nuisance to be found in walking about this town, (bad smells from the ditches always excepted), arises from the supererogatory cleanliness of the inhabitants; and woe be to those who saunter carelessly through its streets on any of the numerous days of purgation. Fronts of houses are being washed down, therefore look out above—buckets of water, and that none of the clearest, are dashing over the doorsteps, so take care below; and what with the continual splashing of brooms before, and the trundling of mops behind you, it requires no ordinary share of agility to avoid the numerous missiles by which you are

beset. Should you escape them all, you may congratulate yourself as being more fortunate than was a very particular friend of the writer. He was meditating upon the probable mixture of the "utile et dulce" to be found in a wooden shoe, when it suddenly became advisable to dodge a pail of water; in effecting this he gave an unlucky advantage to a big woolly-headed mop thrust, apparently without hands, from a door a little in advance, which, taking the neighbourhood of the breeches pocket for the source, gently traced the course of the Rhine down the left leg of his clean drills. It might have been dangerous, it certainly was disagreeable; and, inasmuch as he already had a map of it in his pocket, it was also a most unnecessary mode of studying the geography of that celebrated stream. The author of the lesson looked aghast, so did the receiver, who stood with his finger solemnly pointing to the interesting diagram committed to his care. It might give a colour to unseemly insinuations, but what could he do? There was nothing for it but

to go back to the hotel and change his trousers,—
and so he did.

Now I should not trouble you with this but by way of warning, for, however good my motto may be that you should profit by the labours of others, I dare say you are not desirous, any more than myself, of applying it to such results from the mops and pails of a sturdy Dutch vrow.

These habits of extreme cleanliness have long been notorious. To be as bright as a Dutch kettle was a rife proverb ages ago, nor is it less applicable in the present day, and, indeed, as regards the treatment of some of their cows, it almost amounts to cruelty.

It is a fact, well known I believe to most naturalists, that these generally sober-minded and meditative animals are at times apt to be a little frisky ; and, moreover, whether stall-fed or in the fields, have an unhappy knack of whisking their tails both to manifest their disapprobation at the approach of the milkmaid, and to brush away

from their dappled sides the too obtrusive flies—vagaries not peculiar, that I know of, to the Dutch breed, although some of them seem to be most severely handled on account of their indulgence.

Reasoning upon Dutch habits, it is just possible nature never intended their tails for any such use, or if they are to be so exercised, they should at all events be kept clean for the purpose. Now, when hanging downwards, as such appendages generally do, the silken tuft at the end, spite of shovel and broom, will occasionally acquire a somewhat darker tinge, and when inconsiderately flourished about is apt to transfer its discolorations to the great detriment of the animal's silver sides, and to the outraging of that gravity of demeanour which ought to belong to every thing Dutch. In order then to prevent such indiscretion their tails are coaxed through rings fastened to the floor above, and there secured, whereby such unseemliness is avoided, and the poor cows are kept both cleaner and (it is said) better humoured, except

in a few instances, where certain twitchings and twistings served, as I thought, to indicate that the owners of those particular tails had not yet been made fully sensible how much it was to their benefit so to dispose of them.

But I am forgetting that I did not undertake to chaperone you through Holland, therefore "revenons," although amidst the recollections of so many interesting claims upon the attention, it is difficult to get on as fast as might otherwise be desired.

There are some few pictures in Rotterdam, but which, not having seen, I can say nothing about; and had it been otherwise, the probability is against my entering upon any dissertation of the kind, because the opinion I entertain affects the possibility of conveying in any such way the impressions they bring; and were I to attempt it, the closing sentence would assuredly be, "but to be appreciated they must be seen;" and this discovery would, no doubt, in my case as in that of many others, be considered by most sen-

sible people as having been made too late by all the previous description. The hotel-keeper will be able to tell you where they are to be found. They are mostly private, but access is easily gained by any respectable stranger. Before you quit it let me remind you of two things well worthy your observation. One is the statue of Erasmus, a beautiful casting in bronze, which adorns the market-place, and its erection does honour to the town, of which he was a native. The other is the view from the tower of St. Lawrence's church, from whence you may revel in all the singular variety of a Dutch landscape, here and there flooded as all Dutch landscapes are or ought to be: here you will see rich levels, rows of trees—canals, the great high roads and drains of the kingdom—towns, villages, and ancient looking churches—troops of windmills, polders,* ditches, dykes, which mean dams, deep

* Great part of this country may be said to be composed of "polders." In a limited sense they are embanked plots of ground below the level of the sea or river, redeemed from the

pastures, and the same cows, you will be ready to declare, and under the same "sky and willows too," that the old Dutch masters long ago painted — all peculiar to this striking country, whose origin was, perhaps, a geological accident, and whose present existence is little short of a miracle.

dominion of the water by drains and windmill pumps. The great lake of Haarlem is in progress of conversion into one, and the soil thus recovered is always remarkable for its extreme productiveness. The means of irrigation are always retained, and abundance of the finest pasture land is thus afforded to the inhabitants of this grazing country. By opening their sluices and cutting away these embankments, the Dutch can lay the whole under water and drown an invading army.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRUSSIAN FRONTIER—HINTS AS TO BLACK BREAD AND
HEAVY BAGGAGE—THE NIGHTLY DOINGS ON THE RHINE—
THE FRENCH BED—FLIRTATION WITH SLEEP, AND OTHER
INCIDENTS NEITHER ROMANTIC NOR ALARMING.

THE steamer started from the pier near the Hotel de Pays Bas, at 6 o'clock A.M., for Emmerich, and as I don't remember any thing that occurred during this part of the journey worth recording, I intend to bring her to and land you there in a very short space of time; but as the rate of travelling in this case is perfectly safe, notwithstanding its speed, and the shores sadly dull, I do not think you will complain.

Here you are consigned to the tender mercies of agents and custom house officers of the

Prussian frontier, and first find yourself surrounded by Germans who introduce you to bags of feathers and black bread—but to what can this last most villainous compound be likened? Macerated sawdust mixed with soft soap, a little soot to give it colour, and sweetened with vinegar, might perhaps approach it in taste, smell, and consistency, but I believe it to be altogether unmatchable; to be appreciated, as we have just agreed to say of pictures, it must be seen, but that is not enough in this case, it must also be handled, smelt, and eaten. Our curiosity was soon satisfied, and, with one accord, we quietly ordered it out. My earnest advice to you is not to touch it, at all events let nothing beguile you into eating it, lest you incur a penalty it may be very inconvenient to pay during a journey up the Rhine. It is only fair to say, I never saw such black bread in any other part of this country, except perhaps that which the Bavarian peasant divides with his horse, its place being shortly supplied, (no, not shortly, for I

remember they were a long time about it) with most excellent white bread, eggs, ham, and the usual accompaniments to an English *thè à la fourchette*, we made our first *Abend essen*, and shortly afterwards introduced ourself into a German bed, strongly impressed with the truth of the comparison of a man in such a situation with an anchovy between the halves of a large three-penny roll. Odd things sure enough are those bags of feathers, and their effect upon you will in all likelihood be to produce in your dreams of the first night the most vivid recollection of the tragical history of the two young gentlemen said to have been smothered in the tower.

Should you travel by a steamer which stops at this place for the night, go at once to the inn and secure accommodation; if you are too much engaged speak to the conductor, if you can catch him, which may be difficult, and let him send instantly to do it for you; but it is far better, if possible, to go yourself: in the other case, give the messenger six kreutzers. In a full packet it

will not be enough merely to speak to the people from the inn, their object being only to get you there; the cry is ever "plenty of room," and so there may be, but then one don't want to sleep in a closet, or on the staircase, and without this precaution one or other of these will most likely be the alternative.

As I have already said, the custom house officers visit you here; passports are inspected, and your baggage undergoes a sad rumpling. I am sorry to be obliged to disturb the satisfactory impression you, as well as myself, may have received, that there would be no trouble with the latter, but for your sake the truth must be told, therefore, amongst the memorabilia, under the head of Emmerich, you will find an instance, selected for your especial edification and comfort, should you travel with heavy baggage.

We left Emmerich the following morning at a quarter past five o'clock, amidst wreaths of fog, which floated around nearly the whole of the way to Düsseldorf, where we arrived the same after-

noon. This place being fully disposed of at page 24, nothing more need be said on the subject, indeed, there is nothing more to say, except, that from inquiries made on the spot as to the prices of living, lodging, &c., I was quickly brought to the conclusion, that even had it been healthy, it was not desirable for me as a residence. In ascending the river, steamers occasionally stay here for the night, but it will be well to avoid this as there is nothing to attract your stay, unless the yearly exhibition* of paintings be open. Dullness seems to have spread its sleepy mantle over the whole place; and the only object, in which any signs of life are to be perceived, is the flying bridge at the junction of the river Düssel, which, at some time or other, has been so obliging as to lend its name to the town.

Mine was, and therefore yours must also be,

* Inquire for the public library, above which you will find it. It is open from June to September: the exhibition is by living native artists, with "Cornelius," the first fresco painter in the world, and a great man in other respects, at their head.

a somewhat hasty journey. It had not many incidents, and were it otherwise, the object of this book is such that I should scarcely dare to inflict them upon you; but there was one, just one, a sort of wheel within a wheel, which I must give you,—no, it is of no use shrugging your shoulders—you must submit; so if you don't like incidents you had better go on a little and wait for me at the beginning of another chapter.

Our vessel leaving Düsseldorf at night, on its way to Coburg, we at first thought of taking berths; but during the day we made acquaintance with an agreeable young Dutchman, who warned us against this, for the reason that however melodious your slumbers might be, a variety of "running accompaniments" were sure to be added, whereby, if not the music, at all events the poetry of sleep would stand a chance of being greatly disturbed. Upon this I determined to go and secure a corner in the cabin, by introducing my representative therein, in the shape of a carpet-bag and sofa cushion enveloped in a cloak, and

surmounted by a cap, which I rejoiced to find most fully answered my purpose in warning off all intruders during a walk in the Hof Garten.

In default of a bed on board a steamer, there can be little doubt as to the desirableness of ensconcing oneself for the night in a corner of the cabin. There is nothing like a corner sometimes for quiet observation—nothing like a corner at all times for comfort; it is the best place on the luxurious couches of the great, and would be equally so in sharing the simple convenience of a doorstep. My companion, the Dutchman, seemed fully aware of this, and as it is just possible you may not be, I tell it you to account for his otherwise unaccountable request, should his engagements in the town detain him, that I would endeavour to set up a scarecrow for him also in another of those enviable angles.

I did so; but alas for human anticipations! Scarecrows, as the result of many a potatoe crop can testify, sometimes fail in their object; it was so in this case, for, on descending to take

possession, he found it occupied by a Nassau officer, who, stealthily removing the cloak I had placed there, and making use of the carpet-bag for a pillow, had coolly tucked himself up for the night! In vain the other remonstrated; his smooth face and quiet demeanour were no match for the black moustache and blustering manner of the burley man of war; so at length having recovered his effects, and the vessel being meanwhile on her way, he withdrew, and seizing a camp-stool from a little Frenchman who had appropriated to himself and baggage only seven! he left big whiskers in possession of the corner, and sought such repose as a man may be supposed to enjoy with his head against a small cast iron column, and his back sensibly entertained by the sharp edge of a mahogany table.

I occupied my corner near the entrance, vis à vis to two other officers, who, having unhelmeted and divested themselves of their swords, had gone to sleep with their heads on the table which separated us.

We were in all about seventy-five souls, for whom the steward, in order to convince us of the darkness, had kindly lighted seven candles. The gloom however was very favourable to certain interesting proceedings in another part of the cabin, where sat two pretty simpering girls, consigned to the care of an old maiden aunt, together with three very hopeful, but very ill-mannered and ugly boys, her nephews, one of whom, from the effects of having recently made a return in the inverted order of all that he had eaten during the day, was perfectly hideous. I never shall forget that boy.

The light at the table where they sat was the first to be obscured ; perhaps there might be nothing particular in that ; but it did seem odd, seeing that supper had long been discussed and their candle put out, I say it did seem odd that they should be preparing to draw what appeared to be a very obstinate cork. No door had opened ; I had neither seen nor heard any steward pass, yet every now and then there was the little cheep-

cheeping sound which always accompanies the introduction of the corkscrew. I listened attentively for the concluding report, but it came not; instead there was giggling and a slight scuffle. I could not make it out. By this time most of the passengers who could get into an easy posture, were trying to sleep, and those who could not were striving for some other in which to forget their miseries. Soon only three lights were burning, and as snuffers were out of the question, the few martyrs to literature who could not persuade themselves to adopt the thumb and finger substitute, were obliged to endure "cauliflower tops," and the still further diminution of what little light they had. Again I heard that "chirrupy" sound—confound the corkscrew—it was now louder than before—I jumped up, but could see nothing, till, contriving to dislodge the "cauliflower," and stretching my optics a little, I fancied I discovered some clue to the mystery which had so provokingly excited my curiosity.

It was on the 21st of May, 1843, I like to be particular in dates, I had noticed a little flirtation during the day between the "simperers" and a male companion they had picked up during the journey, but, having for a while lost sight of him, I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when it was forcibly recalled to my recollection on finding he had adroitly contrived to establish his "fix" between the two girls, and to increase the distance which separated them from the old lady by the introduction of those three horrid boys.

Altogether the disposition of things deserved as much credit as is generally awarded to such contrivances. But perhaps I am wrong here, for, after all, it may not have been contrivance. We know from many a police report, that "chance" oftentimes aids the adventurous pick-pocket in the transfer of certain articles from other people's possession to his own, and so in this case, the chosen object had perhaps been greatly assisted by the same mysterious power. Be this

as it may, there he was—though up to this hour I have never been able for the life of me satisfactorily to make out how he got there, or what he was doing; and as I am very anxious to know and have every reason to believe that the aunt slept soundly through the whole pantomime, the only way to arrive at the truth will be to ask the young ladies.

These interesting proceedings were first of all disturbed by him of the seven stools, who, Ixion-like, had long been turning without getting comfortable, until giving one turn too many, down came the frail bedstead he had constructed with the camp-stools, and to the great joy of all who had envied him the luxury, shot him off and nearly smothered him in his own good luck; his diminutive person being enveloped in two huge cloaks, it was next to impossible to find him, and the only indications of his whereabouts were certain frantic bobbings up and down at the end where his head was said to be when last seen. At length, however, his person was discovered and

righted, though his possessions, meanwhile, had been grievously wronged, for, during his prostration, most of his stools had changed owners. It was very hard thus to lose his bed, but he had been too much the object of envy for any body to think of pitying him now; and although I quite intended to commiserate his fallen condition, the whole thing had become so excessively absurd, that mortal gravity could stand it no longer, I was therefore obliged to abandon myself to my fate, and laugh and be merry over it like the rest of them.

The clatter caused by all this, of course awoke my aunt, who, kind soul, after one fond look to assure herself of the safety and solace of the female part of her charge, about whom she had manifested so much anxiety, once more composed herself to sleep.

The lights were at length all extinguished, and silence scarcely disturbed except by the heavy rumbling of the engine, and the sharp gurgling of the water as the vessel made her way; even the

“chirruping” had ceased, and as my interest in a great degree ceased with it, I endeavoured to follow the example of the old lady, and go to sleep too.

I don't know how it is with you, but to my mind there is always something peculiarly impressive in being surrounded by sleeping people. I feel it in the slumbers of infancy, and in a still greater degree when witnessing those of more advanced years, provided always they don't snore. I know not how it is, and to stop here to inquire would perhaps take us into a question too deep for me and too far from our object for you. Suffice it, therefore, to say, those impressions were not at all weakened on finding myself almost the only one awake out of all the passengers, some of whose occasional deeper breathings proclaimed in a most tantalizing manner the individual pleasure experienced from the accidental discovery of an improved posture of stupefaction.

For my part, do what I would, I could not get

to sleep, and she would not come to me, the baggage, although I invoked her after the most approved method of the usurping king, by calling her, "nature's soft nurse," and all the other pretty names I could think of. I have often when a boy, easily as I thought, accounted for the difficulty he had in coaxing her, as the school histories never gave him any thing better than "a bed of thorns," and of course she did not like that, for as the old song says,

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,

Must be content to lie forlorn."

I offered her a large cloak, and a sofa pillow, together with a smart night cap into the bargain, but she was evidently dissatisfied with the accommodation, and still kept at a little distance from me making faces.

Upon this I endeavoured to appear totally unconcerned, and by shutting my eyes and pretending to "court a thousand," I hoped to creep gradually nearer to her, and perhaps to catch

her at some moment when she might be a little off her guard; but finding she was too deep for me, and that all would not do, instead of pursuing her farther, I determined to drive her from me altogether; and in order not to do her any mischief, had just opened the cabin window to afford her an opportunity of getting clear off, when a circumstance occurred which prevented her escape so easily as I had intended, and gratified my revenge in a manner that gave both sleep and aggravation a signal blow.

Perhaps you are one of those fortunate people with whom time and events flow smoothly onward, and who therefore know not what aggravation is. Let me see if by means of one or two familiar instances I cannot make you understand it.

Did you ever know any one "accustomed always to carry an umbrella," for once—just for once—on a sunshiny morning, go out without it, and as if on that very account, find himself, ere he reached home, obliged to pass through a long

and heavy shower, which, one good turn deserving another, did all it could to pass through him ? That was aggravation !

—Or, the case of another, who, abhorring an umbrella as “always in his way,” ventured even on a showery morning without it. The rain which seems to have waited for him, comes down ; cats, dogs, and pitchforks, at length drive him to call and borrow one from an old spinsterian relative, who, to oblige him produces a thick, antique, green cotton specimen, about two yards in diameter, with a large brass ring, instead of a ferule at one end, and a handle like a kitchen poker, only twice as heavy, at the other ; he thanks her, and looks out of window for relief, fully determined to risk a good deal to avoid such portorage. But the leaden clouds afford him no hope ; business presses ; so he takes it and away he goes, and by the time he has discharged his first appointment, the weather brightens, and he hugs closely to him for the remainder of a long walk through mud and sun-

shine an appendage that might, and no doubt did, convey the first hint to the manufacturers of gig umbrellas ! That is an aggravation in a still worse form !

—Or, again, have you not seen on many a snuff-box, the representation of the mastiff, who, unable to get at his own short tail, stretches his chain to the utmost, in a vain effort to reach the monkey's, which is obligingly held for his amusement about an inch from his nose, with a very "don't you wish you may get it" sort of air ? That was an extreme case of aggravation only to be exceeded by what I suffered at finding myself so near to sleep, and yet unable to get her into my possession on the ever memorable occasion to which I allude.

When I looked out, the day was evidently breaking ; the water I could not see, though within the distance of a yard, and the only "beauties of the Rhine" just then visible, were the circinations of one of those mists which this river, as well as the Danube, is very apt to wear as

a nightcap—cold, white, circling in all directions, and so thick as to be sensibly felt; but even this was a relief after the close atmosphere I had been inhaling. Scarcely had I admitted the first draught of fog, for it could not be called air, when I heard a cry of distress from the water, hurrying footsteps, and a shout from the deck, while at the same moment the vessel lurched heavily, and we received a concussion, which illustrated in a most striking manner the laws of motion, as communicated to bodies in a state of repose, and threatened to disembark us all without further trouble, and in a state of the most amiable confusion.

At the first cry my warlike “vis à vis,” abandoning both helmets and swords, turned off their stools, and with one accord, shot up the companion-way like rockets, the rapidity of their flight being no doubt greatly assisted by the shouts of the men, the screams of the women, and numerous ejaculations in all languages of, “Oh!” “sacré,” “was ist dass,” and the “devil,”

which burst forth most energetically from the more or less pious of the roughly awakened sleepers, who were evidently impressed with the interesting notion that the vessel was fast sinking. In the instinctive impulse of self-preservation all made for the door; in their scrambles they effectually closed it, and the scene that ensued baffles my poor attempts at description. In vain we tried to assure them. Onward they rushed; they tumbled—they fought, kicked, and screamed; death seemed to stare them in the face, and no chance of any one being left to tell the dismal story of their end. At length the steward made his appearance with the light, which, access by the door being impossible, he was fain to thrust in at arm's length through a small square opening by a corner cupboard, followed by a most amused looking countenance; and surely such an assemblage of arms and legs, heads and tails, all in full motion, and in the oddest positions, as then met his view, might supply the excuse, were any required, for his remaining there awhile, enjoying

a right hearty laugh at the sub-lapsarians who were sprawling before him, too much dismayed to listen to what the steward already knew, and I knew, and you must also know, viz., that the vessel, in the vain endeavour to avoid running down a boat in the fog, had rasped a sand-bank, picked up the man, and was all this while on her way again as smoothly as ever.

In the midst of the scuffle sleep got roughly handled. I saw her receive a dreadful shock, from the effect of which she did not recover while I remained on board, notwithstanding the most anxious efforts of several of the older and more experienced passengers to bring her to again.

And as for aggravation ———

* * * *

CHAPTER VIII.

COLOGNE AND ITS RELICS—THE RHINE MANIA—ANXIOUS TOUR-
ISTS—POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE EXAMPLES ARCHITECTURAL—
THE OLD LADY IN THE VAPOURS, ETC.

COLOGNE looked out upon us dim, cheerless, and spectral, amid the cold mists of the morning, which still thickly embellished the river—dull, damp, and dark looking—monkish and mouldy. I could not live in it; indeed, after reading Coleridge's lives, what Englishman could? Nevertheless it abounds in remains, interesting enough to the Worshipful Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Institute of Architects, together, I take it, comprising specimens of the most enthusiastic vagabonds* on the face of the earth.

* V-a-g, vag, a, vaga, b-o-n-d, bond, vagabond, *sub.*, "a wanderer," and go where you will you are sure to meet with some of them.

The Dom Kirche here, which, like many a Greenwich pensioner, has long lingered an interesting example of the "transition style," between a fragment and a ruin, is now undergoing repair, and the king of Prussia has subscribed largely towards its restoration. It should by all means be visited, as well as the other churches; amongst which will be found some transcendent studies of Gothic architecture, (so called.) More of this, however, upon some more fitting occasion.

Relics abound in this place, and one cannot help feeling what a blessed thing it must be for any town to find itself under the care of two or three patron saints! Probably at this time Cologne would not be in existence, (unless indeed the manufacture of its celebrated water had saved it, which is extremely unlikely as it has failed to sweeten it), but for the clipping of St. Anastasius' beard, one of the stone vessels which held the "modest water" at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and a link out of St. Peter's chain; which, together with many others, no doubt equally efficacious,

though I do not remember for what, caused it once to be regarded as the northern Rome. Now it ranks only amongst those numerous continental towns which are far more remarkable for what they have been than for what they are, and thus commending it to the consideration of all antiquaries and architectural students, I most respectfully bid it farewell.

I was not sorry when the bell sounded to intimate our departure towards the "beauties of the Rhine." Nor was it long ere we found ourselves amongst some of those scenes, in whose neighbourhood every sentimental traveller feels it incumbent upon him to rhapsodize, if not with his eyes full of tears, at least with his mouth full of admiration. Therefore in common with all others, "I must have my say," and I will indulge it at the outset, if only for the sake of undeceiving you as soon as possible, should your preconceived notions unfortunately have been gathered from the phantasies of the poets, or the soul-sickening mawkishness of Bulwer's prosy "Pilgrims."

Doubtless the Rhine is well worth seeing, for on its banks are to be found all the elements necessary to a beautiful landscape; hill and dale—mountain and valley—crag and ruin are there, but to rave about them as some people do, is either ignorance, weakness, or affectation, or perhaps a little of all these. The scenery of the Meuse is in every respect equal to it, but nobody seems to make any fuss about that, nor will they do so until equally invested with the charms of poetry and fiction. You don't like to hear this, because perhaps it destroys a few visions of romance. I am sorry for it, but we won't quarrel till you have seen both.* If you are, then, very angry, defer its expression till you have also seen something of North and South Wales—Ireland, which is much nearer home than these rivers—and the most mountainous parts of England, which may be nearer still, when if you remain of the same

* By this I mean, not only the river scenery, but that in the neighbourhood of each, and for which you must ascend the mountains.

opinion, all that can be said is, "de gustibus," &c. you know the rest, I dare say, of that ancient and delicate mode of insinuating a gentle doubt as to my qualification to judge in such matters.

I should be glad to say more about this, but there is no time just now, therefore let me direct your attention on the right hand as the vessel goes. That is Bonn, far more interesting to me as the birth-place of Beethoven * than for its University, and next to that for the beautiful view of the seven mountains which is obtained from the terrace of the Altezoll.

It is better to come here from Cologne by the high road ; it is more elevated and more direct than the river, and affords a saving in distance of nearly eight miles. You can betake yourself again to steam travelling at this place.

* A beautiful bronze casting of this celebrated composer is in course of completion by Burghschmidt at Nurnberg for erection here. It is from the studio of Harhnel, and in its design, resemblance, and execution, is creditable alike both to the artist and the founder.

There, now we are approaching the Drachenfels, and the fun, as well as the fine scenery, commences. Just turn round and good-humouredly survey that group of anxious tourists who have rushed forwards to the bows of the vessel; there they are, with out-stretched necks, like so many geese in a basket—guide books open—long snake-like looking maps, all flying in the wind—and fingers pointing in every direction. One is rejoicing in the earliest discovery of Rolandseck—another vows he can see the “Dragon’s Hole,” which is quite impossible—a third has found Nonnenwerth*—while others, equally indefatigable but more unfortunate, mount their spectacles, and still unable to see any thing, listen to the briefly narrated story, lament the lover’s fate and their own short-sightedness, and wait for a nearer view.

There again on your left is another group, affecting to be annoyed at the fumes of the huge

* RITTER TOGGENBURG. See *Memorabilia*.

pipes which are curling round the noses of those students we brought from Bonn, from their caps probably Nassau men, and who, as most of the educated Germans understand English, are no doubt fully sensible of the ill-bred remarks so loudly levelled at them by the old lady in the blue dress and inflamed countenance, who appears not to be aware that as she has just placed herself close to the "nuisance," she might easily change her position; but no, strange to say, there she sticks—so do her young friends—so do the Germans, (and small blame to them for one of her travelling companions is very pretty)—so do their pipes, and the smoke, equally unwilling to leave such agreeable society, sticks there too. What a cloud! It seems as if it never would clear off; and look, now they are joined by the Dutchman; worse and worse! They have evidently impressed him also with a sense of the elegant compliments paid by the old lady in the vapours, and there they are, all blowing away stronger than ever!

Poor thing! I hope she is not asthmatical,

otherwise she had better get to windward with all possible dispatch, or she certainly will never survive to reach home and write her tour !

All this while we are steaming rapidly on toward Unkel, where a geologist will be well-pleased to stay awhile ; and to explore whose curiosities, we put ashore several of the hammer and bag fraternity. Not being myself a member of that honourable society, you will excuse me if I turn to what gives me more satisfaction, the church and convent which crown the height of Apollinarisberg, and at the foot of which lies Remazen. Opposite to this are the dark rocks of Erpelez Lei—basaltic—no perceptible detritus upon them—so steep as to be almost inaccessible, and yet covered with vines. So much for the peasants' industry, which I hope and believe is well rewarded. The soil is brought from afar, carried up in baskets, and inserted in the crevices of the rock ; and here it is that the mode suggested by professor Liebig, of using the cuttings of the vine as a dressing for the roots, has been,

it is said, most successfully applied; something, however, must be allowed for the increased power of the sun reflected from such a surface as basalt presents to his rays.

Two examples in this vicinity should not be lost upon the architectural student. The one is the church of Sinzig, which lies about a mile from the Rhine, of which some drawings will afford pretty intelligible evidence of the date and character of the introduction of the pointed style upon the Norman. The other is amongst the negative examples, and a very striking one it is. You will find it at Rheineck, on your right hand, where stands, most audaciously on a hill, a residence in the "turreted order," as an evidence, so long as it shall last, of the absurd display of the owner, the miserable ideas of his architect, and as a warning to all others in his profession to avoid such confusion as is here exhibited. Hammerstein (a name which might belong to all geologists) is soon passed, together with the once pugnacious city of Andernach, its pinnacles, towers, and

mouldering ruins being surrounded by basaltic mountains, whose dark hues impart to the whole scene a sombre tone of antiquity. Neuwied * came next, with its flying bridge, where we exchanged the simperers, my aunt, and those disgusting boys; for five Prussian soldiers, an enormous Dutch salmon, and a basket of carrots.

But the Adonis, you will say, What became of him? To be sure, you ought to know that; but alas! for sentimentality, there was neither marriage nor death in the matter that I could learn. Adonis went on to Mainz, and I saw him no more. Since we left Andernach the scenery has been uninteresting. Niederwerth and Petersburg are soon left behind—the gasping vessel slackens her speed—the engine stops—you are sidling towards the shore—one stroke—ropes are

* There are excellent schools here belonging to the Moravians, in which many English children of both sexes are educated. Those dreadful boys were going, and I should have all the better opinion of the discrimination of the masters of that establishment, could I ascertain that they all got soundly thrashed on the day of arrival!

thrown out, and her struggles cease; and while they are letting off the steam we land at Coblenz.

Our pace has been rapid, it is true, but you know I am under no promise to loiter much by the way. A description of all the places and objects of interest that present themselves would fill volumes—they have already filled many—and as the design of this is different, and I am also anxious to keep down its size within the least possible dimensions consistent therewith, we must pass over the “poetical” as briefly as may be, in order to arrive the sooner at that which is practical, and therefore likely to be of more service to you.

CHAPTER IX.

COBLENZ—JESUITISM—A HINT RESPECTING MURRAY'S "RED BOOK," WHICH MAY BE USEFUL TO "GREEN TOURISTS"—A FEW MORE WORDS ON THE RHINE MANIA—MUSINGS IN MAINZ CATHEDRAL—A SOLEMN WARNING AGAINST COMMISSIONERS AND PORTION-DINNERS, WITH A VARIETY OF OTHER MATTERS EQUALLY IMPORTANT TO THE READER.

INDEPENDENTLY of such views as may be entertained of it in regard to a residence, Coblenz deserves some stay. Its appearance and position are superior to all other Rhenish towns, and being situated at the point of confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, it might well be made the headquarters for many an excursion amidst the beautiful scenery on both those rivers.

It is, as "nearly all the world" knows, opposite the Gibraltar of the Rhine—Ehrenbreitstein,

whose locality may or may not be considered an advantage ; its antiquity entitles it to some reverence. Drusus fortified himself here, fourteen years B.C., and they still profess to show you some portion of his works. In the early part of the eleventh century it was in the hands of certain pugnacious ecclesiastics, who, as in still earlier and troublous times, withdrew to the fortress during rumours of wars ; and in peace, again resumed their abode in the city. Like most German towns it suffered from the ravages of the thirty years' war under the hands of all parties—friends and foes. It is now attached to Prussia, who maintains in it a strong garrison ; and this is all I know of its history.

It is divided into two parts. The streets in the Neue Stadt are spacious and handsomely built ; those in the Alte Stadt are, as may be supposed, irregular and of an antiquated character.

You can scarcely step in any of the continental towns without coming upon the remains of churches, convents, monasteries, and other

religious establishments, now suppressed, but still serving to show the vast power and influence once possessed by the church of Rome. To the loss of these the abominable principles and practices of Jesuitism led the way, and the result was the bursting asunder the doubly riveted bonds of the mightiest despotism that ever walked the earth.

It may be a matter of astonishment that Jesuitism should ever again be suffered to rear its head in any country calling itself Christian; but has it never occurred to you that, hated, abhorred, and dangerous, this, with one accord, detested and devilish power is again at work, of all countries of the world, in England—and of all places there, in its universities? * It well befits its designs that its first efforts should be directed to poison the fountains of public education. But it is not contented with this; it has also discovered for

* It is a fatality attached to this "order," ever since its origin, that wherever it appears, discord arises in the state and in the church.

us within these few years that the worship our fathers engaged in for centuries past has been informal and profitless in the absence of certain rites, and that we, their children, are all delivered over to "blind leaders of the blind," and need a new reformation to remedy the great and sore evils which it has just found to attach to the first. And mark its early operations; it is at first, meek, mild, and gentle as a sucking dove, and begins by merely weaving its web of weak compliances with certain forms, in themselves apparently not much, till on a careful examination they are found, both in their origin and development to bear alike the broad impress of Romanism, and which, as has already been proved, are only preparatory to the dissemination of her doctrines.

One would like to know how it is that the discovery of the ghostly necessity for white linen sermons, Sunday genuflexions, bowings, turnings from one side to the other, and, to say the least of it, a very suspicious respect, if not reverence,

for the altar (so called), together with the especial sanctity of prayers when said with the minister's back to the people, was not long ago made:—and above all, if spiritually necessary, why the bishops had not, in conformity with their duty, solemnly enjoined their practise, and even enforced them when disputations therefrom arising called for their interference and authority:—and if not spiritually necessary (bearing in mind the period and circumstances of the compilation of the rubric), why those forms which have slumbered so long, should be at this time revived, the minds of people disturbed and distressed thereby, and the English church compelled now to do any homage to the forms and fictions, the blindness and domination, of that terrible supremacy, of whose ceremonial they form so important a part, and to which her own pure and simple ritual has been so long, so eminently, and so indispensably contrasted. Yet this, forsooth, is the new reformation.

Forms are no doubt necessary, so that all things may “be done decently and in order,” but they

are of the earth earthy—mere external expressions, and can form no possible part of heart religion. The moment they are made of primary importance they interpose between the soul and its Maker, and are, not only dangerous to ourselves, but detrimental to the interests of religion and even derogatory to God.

One naturally asks then to what purpose is all this warfare about forms? * The church was never more flourishing—never took a wider range—never had a deeper hold on the best feelings of the people—never showed greater activity—never were its doctrines more vigorous, effective, and scripturally faithful, nor ever was it more practical: witness its schools, churches, education, and bishops in all parts of the world; and yet this—this is the moment chosen to discover the necessity for another reformation! What then

* Though this is the overt object, the principle involved is not only a change in the accustomed order, but a corruption of the doctrines of the church of England.

can be its objects ? Judging from its results, they are these :—

To undermine what the old-fashioned reformation has effected for us, and to rob us of its blessings.

To set up an emblematical religion of images, forms, and symbols.

To incur the danger of substituting mere outward observances for inward purity of heart.

To stamp upon the church of England the broad impress of Romanism.

To disturb and to weaken the fountain of public peace, worship, and instruction.

To introduce a growing disunion between ministers and people.

To alienate the latter from the services of the church.

To drive thousands into the ranks of dissent, or even worse.

To make the “ offering of God ” to be abhorred.

To tear the establishment to pieces by its own grievous dissensions.

To destroy its usefulness.

To give occasion for the rejoicing of all those who hate its high principles and holy doctrines, as well as for the sectarian's contempt and the Romanist's triumph.

Such are some of the trophies already won by the apostles and advocates of the new reformation; and if by their "fruits we may know them," such must have been their objects. But while the public mind is disturbed by the squabbles of clergymen, many a humble heart is distressed—many a feeble mind shaken—many a weak lamb of Christ's flock turned aside from the right way by the stumbling blocks thus cast in their path by those who are commissioned to watch over them.

We are told that much of the difficulty springs from the rubric itself—possibly so; that there are discrepancies in it candour may not deny,

witness alone the terms altar and priest—mere rags of Romanism, which, refusing to drink of the pure stream of the water of life till it has been passed through a soot-bag, goes on sacrificing every day and every hour of the day in a thousand churches at once, pretending to believe that the natural body of our Saviour is again and again actually offered in every mass; while the English church, which acknowledges but one Priest and one Sacrifice, offered once for all and to be offered no more, thus presents the anomaly of a priest without a sacrifice, and an altar without an oblation.

Meanwhile amidst the saddening dissensions which prevail amongst our spiritual guides, thousands of us are patiently but earnestly looking to parliament for relief, as the only means of securing the church from future innovations. It has already controlled these things, it can and must control them again, and the sooner it is brought to do so the better; for let the mummeries of tractarianism live or die, its interference

is equally necessary, whether for its present repression or to prevent its future revival.

Let those then who love the church of England appeal to parliament. A public meeting once called, thousands would respond in every town throughout the kingdom. Petition! petition! petition! Let a new rubric as to forms and terms adapted to the spirit of the present times be its prayer, and God grant that its distinctive features, as compared with Romanism may be simply, strongly, and unmistakeably drawn.

Some apology is necessary for this long digression, and which I humbly beg to offer, but I have been led into it by the contemplation of what Jesuitism has done—is doing—and if let alone will do again even in England. For the present I take leave of the subject, earnestly commending to all the attentive and impartial study of its history, in the rise, progress, operations, and suppression of Jesuitism.

Before quitting Coblenz let me advise you, and all members of the before-mentioned worshipful

societies, to visit the church of St. Castor, A.D. 830 ; and while waiting for the key, which you will probably have to do, both they and your worshipful self may find something to interest you in the inscription added by the Russian commander to the monument erected in the square by the French ; and as I have met with many of “ nearly all the world ” who had passed it by, I shall presently transcribe it for their benefit. The occasion of it was as follows—

In the year 1812, when this district had the honour to find itself attached to a French department, the prefect took it into his head to erect a memorial of Napoleon’s invasion of Russia, and amidst many a bonfire and shout of rejoicing, this monument arose. But the star of that spoiled child of fortune remained not much longer in the ascendant. The tide of war which had borne him into the empire of the Czar was checked by a blazing sea, which hemmed in the grim horizon of his destiny, and the day of retribution began to dawn. Death was in the van—destruction in

the rear—the Russian forces and the horrors of winter all around him. He returned by the way he came, and his retreat was through the trackless snow—amid breathing skeletons and files of bloodless dead. A remnant of his broken army were pursued here by the Russians in 1814, then on their march to Paris! Their commander saw the vaunting inscription of the French, but contrary to all expectation did not erase it; he merely ordered the following addition,—“Vu et approuvé par nous—commandant Russe de la ville de Coblenz, Janvier 1^{er}, 1814.”

So much for the curse of ambition, and the changes of war—the unreal advantages of one purchased by the real calamities of many—which may furnish a deep and instructive lesson to all who can read it aright.

The country all round is one large productive garden, abounding in corn, wine, and oil, fruit and vegetables, with plenty of milk and honey into the bargain. Yet I found Coblenz a dear place. House-rent is dear, furniture is dear, and

living is dear, compared with places apparently less favourably circumstanced ; but it is the capital of Rhenish Prussia, a garrison town besides ; it is also thronged with visitors the best parts of the year, and the habits of those foreigners who reside there tend to increase its expensiveness. There may perhaps be other causes, although I could not at the time discover them ; and as the above do not exactly satisfy me, I wish Miss Martineau, or some other economist, would kindly reside there awhile, and endeavour to ascertain them, and also their remedy, for the benefit of those who may have as great a desire as myself to make it their place of abode. I cannot tell you how hard I tried for a residence. A solemn looking old rascal who spoke miserable French, and acted as commissioner, undertook to chaperone me during the search, but, as others of his class had done before, he sadly deceived me. He was a man of many pretexts, and most fertile was his invention by way of leading me on from house to house and making out " his day." The " very

thing I wanted" was always next to be seen; but the result was unsatisfactory—a few were for sale—many to let—most without a kitchen—and all of them dear.

I ought, however, to thank the old fellow for showing me the tomb of Marceau. Amidst all your walks, gentle reader, forget not to visit it. War has its lights as well as its shadows, and of the former his history is one; his laurels were gathered early, and early he died. Friends and foes alike mourned over him, and the "circumstances of his death" shed over it a glory which invests not often the grave of so young a soldier.

Being fully convinced that at no time of the year would Coblenz suit my objects of economy, I shortly sped on to Mainz—Murray in hand.

Here I must give you a word of advice, if you buy (as what traveller does not?) that book of books, for your own, if not for heaven's sake, hide the red binding—cover it in black, white,

yellow, or blue—bind it in canvass, hopsack, or tarpaulin, any thing on earth for a change—do what you like with it—but for goodness' sake cover it. The everlasting *red* is as a beacon to the innkeepers and others on the way, to whom it conveys a hint on your behalf equally symbolical and unfortunate as the celebrated “green” of England.

Between this place and Bingen the beauties of the Rhine are justly said to concentrate, and those who wish more particularly to explore them or to test the truth of the comparison made a few pages back between this river and the Meuse, should make Bingen their head-quarters. Should you happen to be fond of salmon, you may at St. Goar eat it in perfection, though how it is they are found there at all now is matter of some surprise; for the peculiar alarms to which the river is exposed, the nature of the navigation, and the bustle of the numerous steamers, are more than enough to drive away, or to frighten to death, fish so contemplative as these.

After dinner you can walk to the little grotto which lies close to the high road and opposite the Lurliberg, where you will find an amusing enough specimen of humanity—one of the “Rip van Winkle” sort—himself apparently not long recovered from the effects of some “wicked flagon.” His tastes are far more numerous than his duties, the latter being chiefly confined to the awakening the “great echoes” with a small pistol. As to the former, he will supply you with shell, spar, minerals, and other natural productions; tell as many stories as an Arab, if you can only understand him; and exhibit to your great temptation various prints of the “best points of view,” after the most approved English fashion. He will most likely be found sitting on a stone smoking a pipe, on the bowl of which is pourtrayed a section of the affecting leg-end* (the pun can’t

* From the best histories which I have been enabled to consult, it would appear that the term “Legend,” or leg-end, as originally written was first used in detailing this very narrative, so that its etymology need no longer be doubted.

be avoided, much as I dislike it) of a very beautiful but very wicked water-nymph, and I am sorry to say this river seems to have been the favourite haunt of many such, who paid her addresses most successfully to a young knight in the neighbourhood, an idle good-for-nothing kind of fellow, and from all accounts very fond of fishing. They soon became so thick that a marriage was confidently spoken of; but it being necessary, as she said, to obtain the consent of her father who resided a great way down under a hole in the whirlpool (I never could learn that she had any mother), she left him for that purpose, promising a speedy return; but there appears to have been some difficulty in managing matters, for she was so long absent that he began to think seriously about a suit of mourning. This expense, however, was rendered unnecessary, for, finding herself unexpectedly detained, she sent up to him an interesting fragment of her person, viz. her pretty foot and ankle to correspond, in a delicate wreath of blue smoke instead of a stocking. This

most agreeable memento was repeated from time to time, whenever she thought it necessary to put him in mind of her; sometimes accompanied by the hope that as all was going on right below she should shortly be with him again altogether. Now comes the worst part of the story; whether according to the custom of many of his order in those early times, he was a "general lover," or only troubled with a short memory, I cannot say, but it appears that the pale messenger caught him once in a flirtation, the particulars of which I could not learn, but that it was of a nature not altogether innocent may be gathered from the fact, that its appearance at that particular time had a similar effect upon him that the discovery of the mysterious hand had upon a certain heathen king. How she got to hear of his tricks tradition does not say, but hear of them she did, and considering that in her absence things might be going a little too far, she shortly presented herself, persuaded him her friends were delighted at the thought of so eligible a match for her, and were

dying to be introduced to him. In an evil moment he consented to accompany her, and—*never came back no more.*

Such is the brief outline of this sad history. It is firmly believed in the neighbourhood that he was strangled; and they do even go so far as to say she strangled him with her own hands, either from jealousy, or, as others allege, to appease the anger of a fishy sort of a husband, from whom she is reported to have absented herself; but I think this may be doubted, and indeed I was much inclined to doubt the whole of it; but beware of this, for he of the grotto will show you on the bowl of his pipe the “circumstances of his death,” and also tell you the exact spot where they disappeared together in the stream, at the time when she prevailed upon him to go down “to see the old man,” and if this is not enough to convince, or at any rate to confound all such heathenish unbelievers, I don’t know what is.

At this place perhaps I ought by rights to have

brought in what I have said at page 74; but as it would now involve too great an alteration, I must again plead my inexperience in the art of "book-making," as my table d'hôte companion would call it, and beg you will allow it to stay where it is. Upon a subject worn so threadbare, I shall only observe that if you are nevertheless desirous of further entertainment in that way, the engine-men and stokers of the vessel will abundantly supply it. You will find them most touchingly poetical in their remarks upon the "unrivalled scenery"—dark blue mountains—and vine-clad hills of the glorious Rhine—the interesting remains of the "middle ages," (a sly hit, I take it, at some of the passengers)—frowning castles—turreted towns—knightly doings (some of them very similar I have been told to those described in a preceding chapter)—robber banquets—and the associations of romance and chivalry. To the anticipation of all this what need be added more in reference to scenes over which imagination has already sickened, and description itself been well

nigh put to death? Nothing, you will say, and as I think so too, and we are now in sight of Mainz, it is just the proper place to bid adieu to the "Beauties of the Rhine."

Mainz is the most considerable town in the possession of Hesse Darmstadt, and as an important frontier fortress is garrisoned by an equal number of Prussian and Austrian troops, not, as it seemed to me, on the best terms with each other; but whose excellent bands it is no small treat to hear in the public gardens, while sipping a cup of chocolate, equally excellent in its way, and to be had for a few kreutzers at the café there; both which very innocent, and very rational, and very inexpensive enjoyments may be commended to your particular attention.

This is altogether a very pleasant town, and has, to me, an interesting museum, most of whose curiosities were dug up in the neighbouring fields; but as we do not all regard these objects with the same degree of reverence it is better not to delay you here, as I must take some notice of

the cathedral, once richly endowed, and the jolly life of whose canons was only disturbed by the single mortification of "not having quite wine enough to turn their mills."

The structure itself is picturesque, and though not overdone with beauties, is nevertheless imposing from its very massiveness. It may be called Norman, Lombardic, or round-arched-Gothic, just which you please; with two high altars, a double choir, and crammed full of monuments. It has, at different times been sadly desecrated—bombarded—burned—turned into barracks—and used as a stable; and even on the altars fierce soldiers have sat—thrown the dice—and culled off their daily rations. The interior has been cleaned, restored, washed, painted, and gilded, in the worst possible taste. An old brass font pleased me well, but whether it stands behind the east or west altar I cannot now remember.

One monument here, however, beyond all others it delighted me to see. Humble in itself, and not

particularly beautiful, but highly interesting from the feelings awakened in connexion with the history of him whose remains are there interred. Heinrich von Meissau—Who is he? of course you ask that question, because not one in a hundred of those whom the few remains now extant of his poetry may have delighted know him by any other appellative than that of Fräuenlob the Minnesänger. One of those whose names are connected with all that is lovely and amiable in song—who wreathed the graces of melody round proud and warlike spirits, and gradually softened down and refined them into all that was gentle, kind, and social in human nature. Let others if they will dwell on the high and illustrious doings of the statesman and warrior, my delight is to contemplate the quiet and peaceful walk of those great benefactors of the human heart, who have contributed so much to ameliorate and improve the condition of their species, and have scattered abroad in the paths of every day life some of the sweetest “flowers of poetry and song.”

Centuries have rolled away since the libations of wine were poured over his tomb—empires have been lost and won—kingdoms disappeared from the map of the nations—and great ones of the earth have been laid low and are no more remembered; but time, though it has obliterated many a haughty memorial of human pride, has spared this gentler record, and both the monument and memory of Fräuenlob, the Minnesänger, exist still. Long may they exist, and deeply may they be cherished by all who can appreciate with true poetical devotion the natural and touching pathos, delicacy, and grace, with which chivalrous attributes were clothed by those “who sang together,” at the early dawning of refinement and poetry. Peace to their manes all!

Some of the pleasantest impressions I received during my journey belong to Mainz. I love to see the sunset reflected back from the red towers of its old cathedral—to walk in its gardens, and, on a “still quiet evening,” to stand on the terrace and watch the twilight deepening over the valley

beyond, while one bright spangle after another displays itself in the mantle of night, till at length the darkness which invites fainter rays from concealment reveals again the whole star-gemmed canopy of heaven. It is at such an hour as this and amidst such tranquillizing scenes that hope and memory breathe forth their gentlest accents—soothing the jarring discords of the beclouded mind—restoring harmony to the troubled bosom, and in the very days of storm and tempest, bringing moments of repose and mercy.

O hope! thou bright-eyed, blessed companion of the children of men, whose presence makes darkness light, and with whom “solitude ceases to be solitary,” all that earth and heaven contain of beauty are thine; with untold riches thou enrichest thy possessors,—bringing distant things near,—developing those which are hidden, and awakening to a new existence those which are past. In the midst of turmoil and change, thou anticipatest a peaceful repose—merging the gloom of the present in the bliss of the future, and illumi-

nating the sky of many a departing sun with the radiant promise of a better day ! To thee how deeply are all men indebted for support amidst the rougher paths of their existence !

I find in my pocket-book this memorandum, " I know of no town on the Rhine which I should prefer as a residence to this ;" therefore I presume I liked it quite as well as Coblenz ; and it certainly contains many local advantages which render it desirable, but alas ! I found this also an expensive town, and good lodgings, at the time I was there, exceedingly difficult to obtain—costly, inconvenient, and, for the most part, unfurnished, there would have been no end of trouble and expense in settling here for a time ; besides this, many, as at Coblenz, were minus a kitchen ; and to reside in them would be to inflict on yourself the necessity of dining every day at a table d'hôte, or having a bad "portion" at home from the people who pretend to supply those make-believe dinners, wherein starvation waits

on appetite, and a lingering death will probably be the result.

There are two rules not to be broken with impunity while residing abroad :—

1. Have nothing to do with commissioners, if you value your purse. And,

2. Avoid portion-dinners, if you value your life !

It is somewhat strange that until this moment I should not have thought of asking you a question rather important, in this country, both to your economy and comfort,—

Do you know anything of German ?

Ja wohl—very well. Do you ?

No !

Then by all means go and learn it as speedily as possible. It has been well and wisely observed, the more languages a man can speak, the more frequently does he feel himself a man ; and the remark is founded on a close observation of human nature. It is deeply humiliating to a man of any intellect to find himself encircled by foreigners

whose conversation he cannot understand. Look in his face! all its ordinary character of intelligence is gone, and like a deaf man at a dinner, his air is that of restless and mortified anxiety, or the still more painful expression of vacant stupidity. You may say, I know French. That is something, to be sure, but amongst many of the Germans it is not enough. You either speak their language or you do not; and they care for your society just in proportion to this. Some acquaintance with it is necessary—positively necessary—under some circumstances, to your comfort; and an intimate knowledge of it will prove a daily source of satisfaction and advantage.

After passing a few very agreeable days at Mainz, days which I shall not soon forget, I started for Mannheim, and a very monotone journey I found it, but as the road presents no features of more than ordinary interest, the steamer is preferable, inasmuch as to walk about the deck is better than being in a six-inside diligence, or the more expensive and less

speedy conveyance by Lohnkutscher—and yet—but no—this chapter is already too long; and, as an accident occurred by the way, which I must here endeavour to remedy, I shall reserve what else I have to say for another.

CHAPTER X.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR LOST BOOKS—MANNHEIM—MONOTONY—
MARSHES—AND MOSQUITOES.

“AND yet,” for on looking back I find myself pledged to begin with these words, amongst the many petty miseries of human life, I know of none which in my own proper person are more to be dreaded than imprisonment on board a steamer on a wet day. Such, however, was my lot en route to Mannheim; but as it proved only the third exception to the generally fine weather which accompanied me from England, there was no room for much grumbling. Ever since the morning broke a thick white film had spread itself over the sky, gradually becoming

darker and heavier until at length the "first drops" dimpled the surface of the water, and a settled rain began to fall which continued without intermission the whole of the way.

I dived into the cabin, but the only agreeable person I could discover amongst the passengers was a Frankfurter, who, on learning my object in visiting Mannheim, amongst other places, strongly advised me to try Heidelberg, at the same time assuring me of its desirableness as a place of residence both as to accommodation and economy. Having determined, therefore, upon his recommendation to pay it a visit (only half an hour from Mannheim per railroad), we sat down together, and soon began to talk about other matters. I found he had cultivated a taste for English literature generally, and for its poetry in particular; he had read Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, and even something of the much neglected Spenser, and could enjoy them too. I had with me a copy of the Aldine edition of Coleridge which he expressed a de-

sire to read, and learning that he expected shortly to be in Heidelberg, and at the same time arranging otherwise the manner of their return in case we should not meet there, I lent him two of the three volumes comprising that edition.

From that day to this, upwards of a year and a half ago, I have heard no more of them! And having written repeatedly and without success to the address he gave me at "Belle-vue, Frankfurt," I take this opportunity to request the favour of their return by himself or his executors, at the earliest convenience, "to the care of C. A. Fries, Esq., Heidelberg," under the name which will be found written in the two volumes referred to; and I shall then be most happy to lend him or them the third, whenever they choose to apply for it.

Before we had finished our "poetical conversations," we had reached Mannheim. This place has, in bygone days, been awfully knocked about; and I don't know how many times it

has not been besieged—bombarded—stormed—sacked—pillaged—levelled—blown up—burnt down, and risen again like a regular “Phoenix;” and it is now one of the most tiresomely hot and uniform towns I ever saw: full of broad streets, all built at right angles, and houses—handsome, clean-looking, and provokingly alike; indeed, monotony reigns here triumphant. The environs are damp and uninviting all, except that from one side you obtain a view of the Bergstrasse. Part of the town is so low as to be only protected from inundation by a strong dyke thrown up for that purpose; and the marshy condition of its gardens and suburbs produces myriads of mosquitoes, and renders the place at certain seasons of the year highly disagreeable, as well as unhealthy. I do not think apartments dear, but provisions are so, compared with other parts of Baden. They tell me this is owing to the number of English residents, who seem, at least some of them, to have brought with them those peculiar habits

of reckless expenditure which make them the laughing-stock even of those who are benefited by their profusion.

It is difficult to discover what inducement they find to remain here beyond the opera, which at times is very good. For my own part, though I stayed not long, I never was so heartily tired of a place in my life. I have had frequent occasion to visit it since, but I always entered it without pleasure, and quitted it without regret. To be sure, nobody there was anything to me, and I was "nothing" to nobody ; but I dislike Mannheim, always did, and always shall dislike it ; and after this confession, you will not be surprised that I put you into a railroad carriage (the second* or third class will do), and take you off to Heidelberg as quickly as possible.

* The third class carriages here are superior to the second class carriages in England, generally.

CHAPTER XI.

"OF GERMANY, A PRETTY SET OF JUDGES,

SOME WRITE IN IGNORANCE—OTHERS FOR OLD GRUDGES."

AND now, having fulfilled my promise and brought you with me thus far, I must here awhile lay aside my travelling staff; not that we can yet part company, but it becomes necessary you should be put on your guard against any prejudices you may be possessed with, should you have received, as I did, with too unhesitating a faith the accounts given in the book I have already alluded to under the title of "German Experiences;"* and, in reference to which, amongst others, it is expedient you should be reminded

* For remarks on this book, see Appendix.

of the moral I have elicited at the close of the third chapter, for to no opinions can it be more fitly applied than to those of the author in question, whether in the above-named volume or "Rural Life," as he calls it, "in Germany."

And here you must be told, if you have not already heard it or found it out yourself, that its author is one whose pretensions, and the ingenious method he adopts to declare them, will mightily amuse you. If, as Falstaff says, "Grief blows a man up like a bladder," verily conceit and self-sufficiency make a balloon of him, and the worthy gentleman (I do not mean Falstaff) has suffered so violently under an inflation of this nature that it is doubted by some of his friends if he will ever recover. Do you ask a proof of this? You shall have one, so stupendous, and withal so droll, that for the life of me I cannot avoid giving it, though at the risk of one of my besetting sins, digression.

A few years ago he had, and I am sorry to say still retains, a great propensity, fatal to him

who attempts the historian, to take a one-sided view of every two or three-sided question, and, having persuaded himself that it was his public duty to enter the arena of ecclesiastical politics, he exhibited his powers in a volume which he nicknamed "Priestcraft." Called aright, it would be a one-sided book for one-sided readers, wherein the author's head has been crammed full of lumber, and all his judgment taken out to make room for it.

With the calumnies upon the church of England, the errors and unchristian spirit of that book, I have nothing to do here, as many of them have already been ably exposed, and many others carry with them, to all unprejudiced minds, their own refutation. My object just now is a different one.

At page 410, you will find him attempting a vindication against a few home thrusts given him by Archdeacon Wilkins, who, it seems, in telling him he was a "quaker chemist and poet," enables him to mount a soliloquy, and thus he rides away—

“And indeed, now I think of it” (the arch-deacon has evidently put him in mind of all that follows, and has a great deal to answer for), “now I think of it, what business had I to quit my laboratory to indulge in the pleasures of literature?” No doubt this was “a question to be asked,” as nothing had been said about those agreeable pastimes, and it must be observed he seems to have had some misgivings as to the propriety of his position, for he repeats it, “I say what business had I to do this?” The answer is, of course, impossible to all the world, which contents itself by drily echoing a question only just too difficult for the proposer. Unable himself, therefore, to reply to what it must be confessed, is a bit of a puzzler, he takes courage, claps spurs, and goes over it thus—

“And what business had Burns, Hogg, Ramsay, Allan Cunningham, Pope, and Roscoe, Gifford, Southey, Crabbe, Keats, and Professor Wilson,” (glorious old Christopher, where is your crutch?) “Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott,” and

finally, nay don't laugh, "Ben Jonson and Shakspeare?" There's a pretty wind up for you. "What business had they to leave their respective occupations to do likewise?" (!!!) This question being a little easier than the other might by possibility have been replied to, but there was nobody at his elbow at the time he asked it, and, therefore, without another word, he assumes himself equally justified in the eyes of the world; and there he stands, in the "happy daring" of his spirit, and self-recorded will for ever stand, a tomtit amongst the *eagles of the sun*!!! *

* I have already made the reader my companion in such scenes and pleasures as my journey afforded me, and if he will now accompany me for a short time into the land of Non, he may learn the particulars of a dream I had over the book from which the above extract is made. The scene whereto my fancy transported me was evidently a bookseller's shop, not the immediate neighbourhood of the "Exchange." Two persons were engaged in earnest conversation, and by his bearing soon stood revealed its "author," who had "called about the manuscript."

VANUM SOMNIUM.

Author. Show me my papers; have you read them o'er?

Bookseller. Yes, I have looked them over once.

A.

No more?

My "public duty," however, and which I am about to exercise for your especial benefit, lies more particularly with his other books, viz.,

And will they pass ?

- B.* They may just for a day.
- A.* Well ! few books now do more. You know the way,—
 With every book of mine stick sheets of "puff"
 Inside the cover ; mind you stick enough.
 Puff all you can till one edition's sold,
 And then—
- B.* Why then, sometimes, your books grow old.
- A.* But then the penny's turned—the point in view,
 Most dear to bookseller and author too.
 You know the world is dull, and mine a trade,
 So the books sell no matter what is said ;
 Or if they please, or if they're never read,
 Who cares ? Yet trust me, in such times as these,
 I would write something, anything to please ;
 Tickle the frenzied puaance of the nation,
 With something that shall smell of reformation ;
 I have attacked the mitre and the crown ;
 And for the tott'ring church, I'll push that down.
 Away all senseless scruples—I'm not nice ;
 Don't shake your head, but give me your advice.
- B.* I will, but don't you fume so, sit down quiet ;
 Advice I'll give you if you'll profit by it.
 " Nature's observer," " chemist," " poet," too,
 Your intellect may find enough to do

found him telling me there was "one general character of country, manners, and appearance, throughout Germany; few scattered trees and not a hedge to be seen. We felt astonished, moreover," says he, "at the silence of nature. In England you see birds everywhere, here there is rarely a bird to be seen," &c. Now who, on reading this, but would suppose, instead of being in a country full of life and beauty, he had pitched his tent in the region of the Dead Sea? Silence of nature! why, where were the naturalist's eyes and ears? Small birds of every kind abound—there is the favourite robin and querulous tom-tit—clouds of diligent starlings, and saucy sparrows, and twittering linnets—goldfinches, yellow-hammers, whitethroats, whinchats, and green woodpeckers—chattering jays and thievish magpies—to say nothing of chaffinches, wrens, and

slamming of the door, which he shut violently after him, awoke me. * * * *

The bookseller's advice had evidently not been taken, for there lay the book under the grate.

multitudes of swallows, together with the cuckoo in his season.—Silence of nature ! with the lark in the sky—the thrush and blackbird in every thicket—the kingfisher on every stream—the sharp cry of the squirrel in every plantation, and the pensive whistle of the quail oft heard in the stubble field. Silence of nature indeed ! the very bees on beds of violets, in sweetest murmurs deny it. She is never silent here, and he is no true lover of hers to say so, but richly deserves that an action should lie against him for an arrant flirt and libeller ! Then, again, for nightingales, I should like him to tell me the place where more of them are to be heard at one time than in the neighbourhood of the Haarlass (by the granite quarry), or in the dell at the back of the Stift, or at the Wolfsbrunnen, or amidst the low hanging eoposes by Neckargemund and Neckarsteinach ; they are almost as plentiful in these places as the fireflies that dance and sparkle in the bushes. I confess I have never yet seen a pheasant here, though on the hills in the autumn I have flushed many

a woodcock, and often and often on my return after an evening's fly-fishing, have I heard the cry of the partridge, and witnessed the retreat of the startled hare. He talks of some of his descriptions being "poetical;" nothing of the kind is pretended in these; the above being all simple matters of fact, and what I have enumerated I have seen and heard, together with many others, in my numerous walks around Heidelberg and its vicinity. As to the first part of the story respecting the "one general character of country, manners, appearance," &c., the outdoor life, as he calls it, of the interior parts of the country is no more that of Heidelberg, than that of Nürnberg is like Hanover, Coburg, or Hamburg. Language, dress, manners, appearances, feelings—moral, political, and religious—the observance of feasts, Sundays, &c., are strongly marked, and as distinct and various as are the states to which they severally belong. In Wurtemberg and many parts of Bavaria (not to multiply examples), thousands of "scattered trees" of noble growth

are to be found; and "hedges" numerous and high enough to gratify the ambition of any fox-hunter, while throughout these two kingdoms, large herds* of no despicable cattle, and flocks of sheep are feeding, the distant and varied music of whose bells has often delighted me, and even while I write, is still ringing in my ears.

He must forgive me when I say it does not take much to "astonish" him, for, to use his own words in another place, he seems to have been "struck most singularly" with the "wonderful success" of a "certain engine called a net," (a common cast-net) which, in case you should never have seen such a thing, he kindly describes for you, even to the lead that sinks it, and also its consequences upon the liberty of divers of the finny tribe. He is further led to philosophize most amusingly upon another "principle of fishing," which he observed in the Neckar, and upon the obliging disposition of that portion of animated

* Yet he says, "It is only on the great plains of the north you find flocks and herds."

nature which could allow themselves to be so easily taken (poor things ! he was not aware they could not help it); and so he goes on to tell you all about "the rope," "the square net," and "the bows which support it by the corners." His grave dissertation upon "leverage," and "the elevation and depression of the pole," if it do not materially assist in clearing away the difficulties of the north-west passage, will, at all events, cause many a good natured smile at the innocence of one who went all the way to the Rhine and Neckar to discover a mode of fishing practised, when the stream is not over clear, by every cottager on the banks of the Severn and Wye, and which he might have seen applied on a smaller scale, when "bait" was wanted, in the Thames, or even at "Snowdon's," in a river much nearer his own residence. His impression of wonder has, however, been so vivid that nothing short of a drawing could convey it, so at page 16 or 17, he indulges you with a sketch of a bald-headed old sinner, in a most agonizing

position, straining every nerve to weigh out one of the before-mentioned basket nets, at the end of a cruel thick pole, in which are frisking about several little fishes, evidently in the highest state of excitement. How the old fellow ever managed to reach "his end," when the other was in the water, it is not easy to conjecture; neither how the fish are to be coaxed into his possession now; but, thank heaven, that is no business of mine, so we will pass on to other matters.

He has undertaken to institute a comparison between the German bauer, and what he chooses to call the "spiritless," "purposeless," "dependent," and "oppressed, English peasant," very much in favour of the former, whom in the end he buries comfortably enough, while he consigns the latter (who would, I dare say, be very much obliged to him), to "the knife of the surgeon, and the vile boards of a pauper's coffin." The passage is too long to quote entire, but it must be noticed, as it is calculated to deceive alike both Germans and English; the former of whom,

could he only see the "labourer's cottage," would be but little prepared for the comfort and cleanliness existing therein; and the latter would stand scratching his honest head, properly dumb-fekled at the dirty and disconsolate-looking interior of the German "proprietor."

He has just before confessed himself "lost in the cloud of national smoke," which, indeed, is the only way of accounting for many of his odd mistakes respecting this country; but, alas! he must have walked about his own with the same beclouded vision, overlooking or disguising the truth, for reasons best known to himself.

Then, as to society, his accounts of it do not say much for his opportunities or letters of introduction, and will surprise you a little when you come to know something of the country. "Where can he have got to?" is the question always asked after reading his statements,—“Of whom does he speak?” Who is it that admitted him with such open hearts and "floury arms," into their kitchens, to assist them "in the compound-

ing of salads and puddings," with the secrets of which he is manifestly so well acquainted? Cooks, maids, and housekeepers, indeed! O William, William, I fear me thou hast gotten among strange women, when thou shouldst have been discussing "history, politics, or the religious questions of the day," with the gentlemen, or talking over the "English poets—Campbell, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and others with the German "ladies;" many of whom may be found, without much trouble, who would not only fully understand all that thy intelligence may produce or point out, but presently set thee to rights shouldst thou venture upon a wrong quotation!

When Buonaparte asked Madame Campan what he could do to confer the greatest benefit on France? "Educate for us a race of mothers," was her memorable reply. "Mothers," not literary ladies; but our author raves of azure fair ones, and passing by domestic and social accomplishments as things of little worth, would

have them all become Caroline Pichlers or Bettina-von-Arnims!

Many thousands of people who, if not so intellectually thirsty as himself, it may be, are equally sensible, will perhaps consider that the circumstance of the education of German ladies being after the "Campan" school, and consisting greatly of those accomplishments known and valued by some of us, at least, as domestic and social, is just so much to their honour and glory; for, with the highest respect for the intellect of women, it must still be said, that their principal sphere of duties—their affections and tastes, must have home for their centre; and herein lies the great secret of that kind of happiness usually called domestic, which the Germans apparently so highly enjoy. The sacrifice of this blessing would be but poorly compensated by the attainment of literary fame, as might be painfully proved from the private history of some of those whom he has rather indiscriminately strung together, as the diffusers of "intelligence," "fine

feelings," "sound morality," and all that sort of thing, which it so much delights him to "talk about." Well would it be if the desirableness of those features of German female education were more strongly impressed than they have been and are upon the matrons of England generally, for, although they might not qualify their daughters either to "discuss politics," or "solve a mathematical problem," they would, on the other hand, be in no way incompatible, nor interfere with the proper cultivation of their minds, or the perception and enjoyment of "new works of taste,"* upon which "the decision of their" future "husbands" might be assisted by their opinion. But enough of this; it is as needless as it is impossible herein to follow more of the affectations, odd conclusions, and misconceptions, of one, whose sphere of observation, confessedly "smoky," seems, in many particulars, to have been strangely limited; and which, to-

* I give his own expression, as I cannot help thinking he intends here a sly pun upon pastry.

gether with numerous other inaccuracies a few weeks' residence in the country will enable you to correct.

The greatest error in this book, if he will forgive me for excepting its very questionable English, lies in its generalization.* He has mounted the Kaiser Stuhl, and thought, like Moses upon Pisgah, he could survey the length and breadth of the land; he then makes a three months' journey, much after the fashion of "nearly all the world," amongst a few of the principal towns, and proceeds to write in the most diffusive manner of the whole country and its sixty millions of inhabitants. Why, as well might one expect to learn the various depths and currents of the Bodensee from the swallow that skims over the surface.

Au reste—it is everywhere believed, by those

* The only "general" expressions safely applicable to Germany are, that it is a country without carpets, and where the inhabitants like pork and pancakes, eat "sourkraut," and drink coffee, all of which you may have in perfection.

who know this place, that he must have been at the mercy of some of the more facetious Germans, who, seeing his anxiety to make memoranda, have imposed sadly upon his good-natured, but voracious, credulity, are now laughing heartily at the many amusing blunders he has contrived to manufacture out of his "notes," and call him the Heidelberg Pickwick.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO BE GRAPHIC,
IN ORDER TO ENABLE THE READER TO FIND HIS WAY ABOUT
HEIDELBERG WITHOUT A MAP—SUNDRY MUSINGS, ETC.

I WAS all anxiety to see Heidelberg, so much had been said in its praise; nor were my expectations at all disappointed. It was on the morning of a lovely spring day that I entered it, and it looked like a place where "angels might dwell." I fell in love with it at first sight, and my affection abides the test of time and circumstance, which is more than can be said of all such "loves." The reason is that every day discovers fresh charms, and nature here displays herself as pure and peaceful as though sin had never entered the world, nor sorrow into the heart of man.

The situation of the town is mostly on a dry

sandy stratum, well drained, warm sheltered, and and healthy—possessing good markets, an abundant supply of excellent water, and a neighbourhood of inexhaustible beauty. At the time of my visit the season was just coming on, and I was apprehensive the expenses of living and lodging would be in proportion to what appeared to be its advantages; and it was amidst considerable solicitude that I made my first inquiries. Lodgings for a month were certainly high; but I determined to stay at all events for that period. Whereupon, taking furnished rooms on the Anlage, I sedulously set myself to ascertain the “ins” and “outs,” and expenses of the place, with a view to a longer residence. I found it a very troublesome piece of business, but the result was highly satisfactory; and the Appendix will put you in possession of all that is essential on that subject, whereby you may be saved much of the inconvenience and expense which, without some previous information, all must endure on their first stay in a foreign town.

In order to make you better acquainted with this interesting little place and its immediate environs, it was at first intended to introduce several views I had taken, and also a small map, but the expense of publishing prevents it. As I cannot, therefore, venture to afford either of these, and it is nevertheless necessary you should be able to find your way about the town, and also know something of a locality which lays claim to so much beauty, I must beg the favour of your best attention while I endeavour to make you understand it in some other way.

Imagine yourself then, if you please, crossing the plain by railroad from Mannheim to Heidelberg. Your horizon is a line of beautiful hills. On the left, or nearly north, are those of the Bergstrasse, with the Meliboeus in the faint blue distance, while those to your right hand are seen shortly sinking into comparative insignificance. On looking more closely you will perceive a link to be wanting in this mountainous chain, each of whose summits, at the point of

separation, is surmounted by a tower; that towards the south being the Kaiser Stuhl, the other, the ruins of the Heiligenberg. Through the break between them, the Neckar, after winding its way through a valley of surpassing loveliness, discharges its waters along the plain *en route* to the Rhine below Mannheim. On the south bank the hills recede a little, and on the ledge thus formed the town is to be seen inclining towards the river, parallel with which runs the main street (Hauptstrasse), having, at intervals, on either side of it, two smaller ones of very little importance. The railroad discharges you near the Mannheim gate; a few paces carry you under its portal; and, let geographers assert what they will, you are instantly within the boundaries of Heidelberg.

This is the Hauptstrasse. Half-way up on the left hand side is the Badischer Hof, with its pretty corner balcony always filled, at the proper season, with creeping plants and beautiful flowers. A little in advance is the post office; opposite

to this is the Ludwigsplatz, in which stands the university, about the ugliest building you ever beheld, and the museum, where you may read the "Times"—hear a concert—waltz, (if you can!)—always find an opponent at chess—play at whist or billiards—smoke, if you please—and drink beer or champagne as long as you can find any fun in it. The authorities have kindly given the use of a room in this building for the English church service, which is there performed every Sunday morning.

Still further on in the same street as before, there is another opening in the line of houses, forming a somewhat dull heavy-looking square, where stands the church of the Holy Ghost, and where, alternately with that by the Prinz Carl hotel, only a little beyond, the markets are held on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. From the south side of the latter square a small street, in which you will always find a squadron of smartly caparisoned donkeys, leads by a steep ascent to the castle, which is seen perched on a

rock, and overlooking the little town at its base with a very protective air, but alas! it is almost a ruin now. More immediately below it is the Carlsplatz, with its cruelly lopped acacias,* where the fairs are held, and where you will find the police court, when you want it; vis à vis to this the princes of Baden reside during the completion of their studies at the university; and two mild, amiable-looking young men they are, whose frank open bearing, and gentleman-like deportment strongly remind me of some of our English nobility, which is as much as need be said in favour of the outward man of any human being on the face of the earth, notwithstanding all the opinions which certain dirty radicals, or "Bright" or "besmoked" quakers, may express to the contrary.

Proceeding onwards you soon arrive at the Carls Thurm where the town ends, and the ad-

* Why these naturally graceful trees should be here always compelled to assume the form of a cabbage stuck on a pole, it is difficult to comprehend.

vance of the mountains which seem to have retired hitherto on purpose to make room for it, again shut in the scene, and for a time force the road on either side of the river, almost close to the water's edge.

On the right and left, the Hauptstrasse, which we have now traversed from end to end, is intersected by shorter ones leading northward, to the river and bridge, and southward, to the Anlagen, the castle, the hills and quarries of the Riesenstein, and the most picturesque ascent to the Kaiser Stuhl; and opening upon views of hills wooded to their summits with every kind of tree—partly clothed also with gardens and vineyards—and having their bases dotted along with light-coloured, happy-looking dwellings. On crossing the bridge, the road to the left leads to Neuenheim (where there is a fragment of the house in which Luther is said to have slept on his way to the celebrated diet of Worms)—Handschuhsheim—Schriesheim, the ruins of whose castle are seen in the distance—and soon to Darm-

stadt, by the Bergstrasse, the name given to this road. That to the right takes you to Ziegelhausen, and away amongst hills and wooded glens to Neckersteinach, and the beauteous valleys with which the neighbourhood of the Neckar abounds.

Viewed from the upper terrace of the castle, which you will see supported by a series of arches that would be naked-looking but for the rich grove of chestnuts which crown them,—the line formed by the main street, running east and west, presents an appearance not altogether unlike the shape of one of the great tobacco-pipes used by the students—the Carlsplatz, where the princes live, being the bowl, which, for that very reason, you may be sure, is the best part of it. So far the parallel will hold, but no farther, inasmuch as its position under the hill imparts to it a character which its great proto-“type,” I had almost said “pipe,” can scarcely be supposed to possess, viz., that of being often cold.

Here, for the present, my attempts to be graphic must cease, and if, after this, you cannot find at least one hotel—procure a ticket for the museum—buy your fruit—post your letters—go to church—find your way up to the castle, or to the fair—get a visé at the Amt—and pay your respects to the princes, I am sorry for it, but as my powers are quite exhausted, I can assist you no further in these particulars, so you must inquire on the spot for yourself, not forgetting, however, my caution, to have nothing to do with commissioners.

The buildings possess but little to recommend them. Of the “beauty” of the university I have already spoken; besides this, the most interesting are the castle, the church of the Holy Ghost, St. Peter’s * at the top of the Anlagen,

* This is the oldest church in the town, and to its door Jerome of Prague attached the “theses” he maintained against the Romish church—expounding, at the same time, the reformed doctrines to assembled thousands in the adjoining churchyard. The protestants of this country, in common with all others, while thanking God for the religious freedom they enjoy, forget not John Huss and Jerome of Prague.

the railroad at the bottom, and the Gasthaus "zum Ritter."

With recollections of Raglan, Conway, Harlech, and Carnarvon, swimming in my mind, I must confess Heidelberg castle somewhat disappointed me, but the period, circumstances, and manner of erection forbid comparison, therefore I am not going to make any. It has been said he part overlooking the river is most deserving of admiration; but I must beg to differ from this opinion; it is certainly most remarkable for excess of ornament in an excessive style—the Cinque Cento—the north and south façades being cut up into a variety of rich details, and the eye in vain seeking relief amidst the overwhelming decoration which is lavished upon it. The east façade in the quadrangle deserves, perhaps, more commendation, but as I am not writing for architects, and detest most cordially this style of building, I shall say no more about it, further than it will tend to comfort your puzzled optics, if you turn them toward the old tower at the east angle

of the north façade, at present in the undisturbed possession of a colony of jackdaws; and that the view behind you, across the plain, to the soft blue outline of the Vosges, will, in all probability, complete their repose.

A more interesting portion is that which you enter through the ruins of a small, but highly ornamented, triumphal arch in the English garden, built for the daughter of James the First, by her husband, the Elector, Frederick the Fifth. Here their marriage was celebrated, and the flower-garden, à l'Anglais, was laid out for her pleasure. By way of contrast, a few paces bring you to the castle dungeons which serve to remind you there are other passions in the human breast besides love, and other sighs in the world than those of lovers.

To my fancy, the most picturesque object of all, is the Gesprengte Thurm, which remains much as it was left when attempted to be blown up by the French; but the walls of the old tower bravely withstood them, nor was it until

after several efforts, that they could persuade it to disunite. At length they did contrive to detach one large lump, which, nevertheless, disdaining the separation of its members, sunk down, majestically enough, into the ditch where it still lies, nearly enveloped in the mantle common to most ruins, with which succeeding seasons have clothed it. The greatest portion of building, filling in the space between this and the tower at the north-east angle, is about as unpictorial and unpoetical as can well be imagined. It might have been the ruins of some floorcloth manufactory—union workhouse or barracks—or indeed any thing but what it is; nevertheless, the best view of the castle altogether is obtained from this side, on the upper terrace by the grove of chesnuts, as it commands both the north and east elevations, and the octagon tower at the before-mentioned angle.

Notwithstanding its architectural demerits, the building is full of interest, and it is lamentable to see its once splendid and hospitable, but

now grass-grown, halls so fast going to decay, when the restoration of part and the better preservation of all would appear to be so easy a matter. Many and many a happy hour have I spent in wandering in its gardens*—clambering over its ruins—and sauntering on its terraces: now listening to the music of the stream which, just below, rushes joyously along a rocky channel, and sends up many a song; and as often detained by the melody of the blackbird and thrush, amidst scenes, impressions, and associations which have seemed, at such times, to render my very existence a more than ordinary blessing to me. It is a pleasant thing to smoke the calumet of peace with the sun on the neighbouring hills, while the newly awakened morning is rolling away the mists, and gradually unfolding the scenes of tranquil loveliness spread beneath your feet. Pleasant too it is to stroll upon the bridge at

* The earlier parts of the day are more enjoyable here for those who do not like confusion, bustle, and crowds of people.

evening and see the hues of sunset die over the distant plain—the golden clouds deepening to orange—the orange to red—the red to purple—and the purple darkening into grey, till all traces of the lingering day have disappeared, and the river which, in its downward course, expands almost like a small lake, and has imaged back the varied tints of heaven, reflects only in its tranquil bosom the lights that twinkle along the shore. But I do love a sunset, particularly a sunset in this place; and I love this place, and shall always love it, and though for a while I may perhaps soon leave it, its recollection is one which will for ever dwell most “greenly” in my memory.

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CHAPTER XIII.

BIG TUNE—DOGS, PIPES, AND STUDENTS, WITH A MATHEMATICAL
PROBLEM FOR SOME OF THE LATTER—BADEN PIGS, AND THEIR
ABLUTIONS—A SHORT COMPARATIVE DIGRESSION ON THE BEL-
GIAN BREED, SOLDIERY, AND POLITICS—A DESCANT ON THE
SEASONS AT HEIDELBERG FOR THE BENEFIT OF PEDESTRIANS
—WOLFSBRUNNEN TROUT, AND SCRAPS OF WHAT TO ALL
“INTELLIGENT” READERS MUST APPEAR SOMETHING VERY
LIKE POETRY.

“OF course” you have often heard of “the
big tun at Heidelberg,” and therefore need not
be told any thing about that. When I first saw
“the monster,” as people here are apt to consider
it, I could not help thinking that were it capable
of taking a walk with me into Hanbury’s brewery,
or the castle cellars be visited by one of their
little vats, the latter might certainly, without

much trouble, or getting any bigger, act the part of Aaron's rod amongst those of the Egyptian magicians; or, should the simile please you better, the "big tun" might float about much after the dignified fashion of a nutshell in a washing tub.

"Of course" you also know that Heidelberg is the protestant university of Baden, and a highly celebrated seat of learning, and therefore has a great many students—and that each student has a beard, a pipe, and a dog! and of a truth the canine race might be the ancient burghers of the town, their immunities are so great. They are many also in number, and some are remarkably wise-looking, and, moreover, possess what few burghers were ever known to acknowledge, too much freedom in the state or stadt, whichever you like. Undue liberty is sure to be abused, and I am sorry to say they occasionally indulge in very bad manners, leaving the most disgusting evidences of their whereabouts, particularly in the neighbourhood of the pastry-cooks' shops,

where a large conclave is generally assembled, a fine large "Dane," whose expressive countenance would delight Landseer, mostly acting as president. But their deliberations are scarcely ever carried on with any degree of dignity; they are always grumbling and growling; growling soon comes to barking, and barking to blows; and they not unfrequently get rather roughly handled ere they can obtain shelter beneath the legs of their owners, who, as the upper class of authorities here, are engaged inside in the more important discussion of certain matters affecting the interest of the pastry-cooks themselves, and whose sittings such vulgar rows tend greatly to disturb, and oftentimes to bring to a speedy termination. It is said, however, and I believe it, that the pastry-cooks are generally pretty well satisfied with the conclusions arrived at on their behalf.

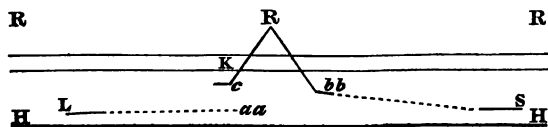
For the students themselves, they are a very free-and-easy picturesque-looking and loving fraternity, amongst whom may be seen an amusing

variety of costume ; something of the old Teutonic being amongst the most prevalent. Their general character and deportment varies with every session. It is whispered that they intend to give up duelling altogether ; it has been so frequent as not only to cease to be terrible, but it has become absurd. Its abandonment will be in every way to the credit of the university.

People censure them for their habits of smoking, beer drinking, playing at nine-pins, &c., but those who affect to do this, forget that notions of what constitutes fun differ not only in different countries, but even at different times in the same country. And unless they are grievously belied, even our professor Porson, Dr. Parr, and many others would have smoked, drank ale, and played at bowls, with the best of them. Then, again, Wharton—"Tom Wharton," the poet, who can forget his feats that way, and his panegyric upon Oxford ale? Why it makes one's mouth water even to think of it, although myself constitutionally prevented from

enjoying this good old-fashioned English sort of tippie. Nor shall I quarrel with them for smoking, so that they do not smoke in my rooms; for I confess to a very occasional "open-air" indulgence of the same kind myself, much as the habit may be abused and vilified by those who from never having had a cigar for their companion cannot be supposed to know much about it.

But there is one thing, just one, which I should very much like to whisper in the ear of certain devil-may-care looking members of this university, not to offend them, but with a view to their especial improvement in a little matter of common politeness towards all ladies, both German and English, whose comfort will be greatly increased by the practical demonstration of the following problem.



Let HH represent the line of houses any where

L

in the Hauptstrasse, LS the pavement, K the kennel, and R the road. Let a lady at L produce the dotted line to the points *aa*, and a student at the same time produce the dotted line from S to *bb*, and continue it so as to describe the two sides of the angle *bb*, R, c. Let the dotted line *aa*, meanwhile, be in course of extension by the lady from L (at pleasure), any where in the direction of S. Then the sum of the two sides of the acute angle thus described by S will equal those described by any English gentleman upon the same given plane.

It is possible the kind assistance of Professor Schioeins will be required to help them through this, but I am persuaded he will readily give it; and once understood in the beauty of its demonstration, the ladies will not so frequently as hitherto be forced from the line HH, into the kennel somewhere about K. Thus much by way of corollary; and with every good wish for the improvement of all whom it may concern, I cordially bid them farewell.

While in the admonitory vein, I may as well mention another thing. The approach to the castle on the west side from the top of the Anlagen, carries you up a steep ascent between houses, dark, damp, and dreary-looking, upon which, for the greater part of the year, the sun never shines, and healthful breezes never can blow ; drainage of the most offensive description assails your progress, and fever gôitre and cretinism here seem to make their dismal abode. As property, it cannot be worth much, and it is to be wondered that such a government as Baden has not long ago caused the improvement or removal of these wretched places, which are discreditable to this generally happy, pleasant, little town, and distressing alike both to its visitors and to the inhabitants.

Amongst other objects for which I crave some attention, I must not forget the pigs. Though evidently of a similar breed to some I saw in Belgium, they are much better behaved here than they are in that country ; where, in common with a very peculiar breed of soldiers, they run

about the streets, all day long, in a state of "liberty," perfectly unaccountable as being possessed by such creatures as they. But these Belgian animals enjoy equal distinction in other matters besides this inexplicable freedom; both are "tucked up" and very miserable-looking, both have broken down the fences of their proper masters—are apparently seldom washed, and never shave—and both alike protected by law, inasmuch as neither can be put to death without authority from the king! If all be true that I heard during my stay in Belgium, its government is anything but popular, and its prospects anything but good. It has been found much easier to make a ruin than to build anew—to shake down one throne than to consolidate another. Taxation presses heavily, and the system is inquisitorial and oppressive; the low countries grumble and the southern provinces grumble; and there are not a few of those possessing a stake in the country who regret the secession from the mild sway of William of Holland. Its pre-

sent government is one of expedients and difficulties, and therefore of dangers too; and the country, seduced, or bought if you will, by its own consent, has only received as the *quid pro quo*, a newly revived name, which, if we are to judge from the soldiers, is about as little deserved as sustained by those who assume it.

I don't know how it is, I cannot get on without digressions, and it is lucky that I have already given you some warning of this when quoting the example of my illustrious Irish acquaintance, Ned Sheehy; for here am I driving pigs in Belgium, when I ought to have been in Baden. So "bock agen," as the Scotchman said when he drew himself out from a hole in a hedge just in time to avoid being caught on the wrong side. Let me see; when this temptation assailed me I was about to describe the superior control of the Heidelberg pigs; and indeed it speaks much for their gentle course of education. In favour of their feeding I fear I cannot say so much, for my firm opinion is, they are far better taught

than fed. My business, just now, is with their public conduct and habits, which, I am sure, deserve great admiration. The "old man of the brunnens" gives a most humorous description of the doings of the Nassau tribe of porkers; but I don't recollect his having noticed the ablutions which, in many parts of this country, they are called upon to observe with all the rigidity of their great abhorrents, the Mussulmen, furnishing another instance of the meeting of extremes.

At the end of the Anlagen, by the students' baths, the road sweeps round to the left, and suddenly slopes down to the river, in order to admit an easy draught for the lading of the boats which sometimes deposit here their various cargoes. Between this and the water, and but little above its level, is a narrow ledge, closed in at one end by the projecting bank, but open to the road at the other; and there is, or was, in 1843-1844, the pigs' bath, and thus I made the discovery.

It was about noon on a hot day last summer;

I was sitting above on a heap of limestone, pretending to sketch the pretty village of Neuenheim, but in reality, indulging an inveterate habit of day-dreaming, into which I had then been lulled by the distant murmur of the mill ford, and the air of stillness and repose which breathed around. The tinkling of numerous feet startled me from my reverie, and, on turning my head, I beheld a troop of these brown, crisptailed, long-legged, and rainbow-backed, animals, evidently with a cross of the greyhound in them, passing by in line of march, quite as orderly as the Belgian soldiery, their pace becoming double-quick, and the music of their band more lively, as they approached the water, till, at length in sight of it, the sudden burst could only have been equalled by Xenophon's Greeks in sight of the sea, or Blucher's Prussians in view of the Rhine. Here for an instant their enthusiasm carried them beyond all bounds: with pricked ears—tails in full play—and the before-named shout of rejoicing, down the hill they rushed

with a speed so frightful that it recalled to my mind the catastrophe in the country of the Gadarenes, and I fully expected a similar end to the matter here; but I might have spared myself all anxiety, it was but for a moment that such insubordination was to triumph.

I had before noticed a sturdy, bare-legged urchin, about nine years old, with a long stick in his hand, wandering about the margin of the river, who, hearing the agitated melody of his troops, instantly prepared himself for his duties as commander-in-chief. The moment he saw them descending the slope he uttered a shrill cry which brought them all to a stand-still the moment they could find their legs again, and quickly called all the stragglers into the main body. And now became visible the effects of a good education: a whistle and slight movement of the wand marshalled them along the "ledge," the only anxiety, as it seemed to me, being who should obey his signals with the greatest alacrity; but here it must be admitted the spirit of emulation

was not always the most gentle amongst themselves, although evidently unanimous enough in their endeavours, as far as I could judge, to give the two adjutants who had now joined him their ducking first. Nor shall I deny that it was amidst some grunting, squealing, and various other symptoms of dissatisfaction that the commander was enabled to single out a large, long, raw-boned, black boar (from his crippled action evidently suffering under violent sciatica), who gravely took his place as leader, and gradually descended into the stream followed by some very thin, ragged, porcupine-looking relations of his. These I presume were the lame, halt, and sickly; then followed the residue in single file, each gently lodging his snout on the bony rump of his predecessor. At another signal from Barelegs their tails gradually eglomerated, and all joyfully made away from the shore, landing in the same order about seventy yards down, whence they were led back to repeat, nothing loth, their pleasant evolutions. The whole scene was

most amusing and caused me to be too late for dinner. I regret I have not the "old man's" pen, but if I had I could not wield it, so I will e'en mend my own, which is just now a very bad one, and leave these animals to swim into immortality as they best may, having seen enough to satisfy me that pigs do not commit suicide in the water by cutting their own throats; and I doubt not, at the same time, in the same season, you may, in the same place, be convinced, in the same way, of the absurdity of the same vulgar error.

On inquiring after my old lame black friend, I find he died lately the natural death of a pig, and was in process of conversion into bacon—

Mem. To mind and eat no large bacon this year.

Of the beauty of the walks in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg too much cannot be said; all around you is a land of "brooks of water, and fountains that spring out of valleys and hills,"

whose acclivities are adorned with wood, and its gentler slopes enamelled with many a flower. Go, in the time of the apple bloom, to the neighbourhood of Schonau and Weirheim, when the blushing queen of the seasons is laughing away the spring clouds—shaking their dew from her golden tresses—and scattering around her treasures of fertility and beauty. The whole country is like a bed of roses; bright is its livery and sweet its welcome; beautiful butterflies are gleaming in the sunbeam; the hum of the bee is heard in every blossom, and the very air itself is full of fragrance and melody.

I think it is Sir John Hawkins who, in his history of music, says that “its elements are in every thing around us.” The truth of this observation must be acknowledged by all, and I, for one, beg permission thus to record my belief in it,—

Music, sweet music dwells
‘Mid the leaves of the forest—in sea-born shells—
In whisp’ring winds, and in flowery dells;

It comes from the home of "all bright things,"
And is wafted hither on angels' wings ;
In the voices we love is its sweetest tone—
A magic of melody purely its own :
But there's music too in the ocean's wild roar,
As it flashes and foams on the wave-beaten shore ;
Or when smiling and clear,
Its bright waters appear,
And its tuneful murmurings charm the ear.
All above, all around, though in harmonies dim,
It is breathing one universal hymn.

Are you a good walker, and fond of a long
summer ramble? I can promise you much
enjoyment : a delightful country awaits you ;
take any path you like, you cannot well go wrong,
and when you are inclined for repose you will
find many a sequestered glen, overhung with
tangled wood, dispread with the purple heather,
wild pink, and cowslip ; where, with the blue
sky for your canopy, the moss for your couch,
and the birds and brooks for company, you may
commune with nature of all that is in your
heart, and bless her and the God who made
her, and who has given to you the capacity to
understand and to enjoy her gentle language.

Go through the woods or over the hills to Schriesheim, towards the fall of the year, when the great painter of nature puts in the first touches of her many-tinted pencil; there charms of another kind present themselves. Or let your walk be through the fields, orchards, or vineyards; luxuriant prodigality is around you—here waving locks of yellow corn, and trees laden with ruddy fruit—there the clustering grape and gathering harvest. The woodlark is still heard, and his upward circling neighbour still hangs against the sky—now seen better but not heard so well as formerly; the grasshopper still chants, though in somewhat fainter accents, his merry roundelay; and the bee, on busy wing, still sweeps the banks or lingers in the honeysuckle. The morning sun shows you the dew-pearled gossamer bestrewing your pathway, and displays a diamond on every blade of grass. Or the glorious harvest moon rolls broadly over the hill top to light you homeward from your sweet evening ramble along the valley. All is hushed and calm—the cry of the

boatman no longer resounds—and, save the voice of the little mountain rill, unnoticed by day, there is nothing to break the deep stillness around you. Not a breath disturbs the smooth winding surface of the river; it seems as if nothing ever had disturbed, or ever could disturb it, unless it be the falling honours of the woods above when leaves are frail and the winds of autumn are abroad.

Or climb the woody heights in the season of frost and snow, when the glossy stems of the graceful though denuded birch, the strong dark outline of the pine, and the lighter foliage of the fir, now tasselled with silver, are seen in bold relief against the pale ashen grey of the sky—the whole brightly contrasted with the glittering foreground of your picture, on which the pearls and spangles of winter lie thickly scattered. The brooks, of late so sweetly musical, are now frozen into silence—scarcely a twitter is heard in the brake—the air is all serenity—and the very woods might be said to sleep, but for the peasant's

axe or the crash of the falling tree. The pride of the hills is gone, but not their beauty; the mantle of common companionship has spread its hoary honours over all; but here and there peep out from beneath it the pale scarlet berries of the mountain ash, and picturesque masses of granite, whose sides are clothed with some of the brightest mosses, reflect warmly back the faint kisses of the sunbeam. At all times, at all seasons, and in all circumstances, the aspect of nature here is soft, and gentle, and of loveliness extreme.

The works of creation are amongst the living epistles of God, "known and [to be] read of all men," nor can we ever be thankful enough for the privilege and faculty of seeing and enjoying them. The stones and trees "have sermons in them,"—the little forest stream will talk to you as you walk along, and tell of other streams yet to break out in the desert, and of other waters which are yet to gladden "the dry and thirsty land where no water is." The birds of the air, and the wild flowers under your feet will tell of the faithful-

ness of him who feeds the one, and gives beauty and fragrance to the other, and who has numbered the very hairs of your head. All things living and breathing speak to you—the stars of heaven—the weeds of the field—the pattering of the shower amongst the leaves—the music of the grove, and the whispers of the wind in the forest trees—all will bring to mind the truth of St. Paul's declaration, that "there are many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification."

The walk to the Wolfsbrunnen is not the least interesting amongst the many that might be named. The place itself is too much frequented for me, at all times, to enjoy it; but the way thither, along the side of the hill from the castle grounds, offers many attractions. Below, on your left, is the river; and the granite quarry—the Haarlass backed by hanging woods, and the Stift with its upland of vineyards, are all seen in panoramic display. Further on your way, you come to a projecting level, with benches under the trees:

stay there a moment, and look up the valley—Ziegelhausen lies at your feet on the opposite bank, with its simple spire, trees, houses, and bright green levels all mingled together, past which the river sweeps broad and smooth; a little onward the banks rise more precipitously from the stream, the road skirting their base or hewn out of their sides; occasionally they recede again, and, on pursuing your future walks in that direction, they will present you with many a sun-lighted opening of meadows—clustered cottages—wooded crags, and distant picturesque-looking towns.

A little to the left, on the opposite side of the river to where you now stand, you will see a rustic harbour on a knoll at the back of the Haarlass, all amongst the trees. We will by and bye cross at the ferry just below, and return home that way; at present we must take the sloping road to the Wolfsbrunnen.

I shall not soon forget the brilliant spring of the present year (1844), when, after a rather long

though not severe winter, the face of the earth was suddenly renewed—a breath of life breathed again over all; and rock and mountain, valley and plain, were clothed with new verdure; the leaves expanded—the shades thickened—the birds resumed their singing in the branches, and from all nature the voice of rejoicing ascended to him who had again opened his hand and filled the earth with the fruit of his works. But the world without and the world within do not always reciprocate each other, and, notwithstanding the varied beauty of the seasons as they roll along, to me spring never seems so lovely neither suns so bright, the meadows are not so green nor the summer skies so blue, as in the light and gladsome days of golden-hearted boyhood.

Come breathe upon my brow once more,
Soft spring, as erst in childhood's day,
Gladden my heart as heretofore,
In hours of joy long passed away.

Come smile as thou wert wont to do,
And let us climb the hills together,

And wake the wild flowers gemmed with dew,
That sleeping lie amongst the heather.

Where are the flowers that charmed the boy,
The hopes that hailed thy happy season,
Whose smiles recall each childish joy,
That later years resign to reason?

Why do such roses bloom no more?
And thy sweet smile, why overclouded?
The hopes that brightened all are o'er,
In care's dark mantle deeply shrouded.

Yet memory's wand brings back again
The hopes and flowers of boyhood's day,—
Meteors that flash, and charm, and pain,
Then—in an instant—fade away.

Farewell ye visions, bright, sad, dear;
The sky is clouded, dark, and changed—
The spell is vanished—flowers are sear—
And hopes are dead, and hearts estranged.

Farewell, then, sad but pleasing thought
On days of spring, in youthful pride!
Be mine the prayer, be mine the lot,
To "rest in peace at eventide."

The turbulent winds of every day life offer a
strong contrast to the gentle motion of Aurora's

fan, and soon dissipate these light vapours of the mind. The world is a troubled sea, and who can build enduring purposes on its fluctuating waves? The world is a school of wrong, and who can pass through it unaffected by its pernicious influences? Then again frequent changes and trials bereave us of our choicest possessions, and cast their gloom over the happiest spirits. It has been said, "an habitual acquaintance with the troubles of other people is the best mode of teaching us to bear our own," but did you ever know the knapsack and accoutrements of a soldier, on a long and weary march, at all lightened by the assurance that each of his comrades carried them too? But we are approaching the Wolfsbrunnen.

You will find the trout in every respect great inducements for a visit; I have seen one here of fourteen pounds' weight, and they feed them to a still larger size, and dress them for you in perfection at about half-a-crown a pound, if that is not too expensive for your indulgence!

At this price also they are sent 150 miles hence, being held in great estimation. They are only allowed to be taken with a net—the crusty old fellow to whom they belong resisting most cruelly all attempts with the fly or minnow, although you may offer to pay him well for it, and for the fish you kill into the bargain, should such be your luck : this part of the business, however, might prove more difficult than is at first imagined ; and boarded at bottom for refuge, fenced, staked, and protected, as the ponds are, the chances would be greatly in favour of the fish ; and it is more than possible that a few yards of Chevalier's best, together with the gay deceiver at the end (I don't mean the angler), would be carried away and kept below as a future warning to all other inexperienced trout ! Nevertheless, even against such fearful odds, I dare say you and I would right willingly risk the tackle, and I should only be too happy in trying the chances of a "throw" with such powerful wrestlers. But look ! the sun has arrayed the

western heavens in a gold-fringed mantle of crimson, and his beams already linger with a dying faintness on the mountain's brow, so we will if you please return home by the summer-house. I am fond of a stroll there at the early season of the year, in the fresh morning, for the sweet-scented violets, both white and blue, with which the neighbouring banks are carpeted; and in the evening, for the song of the nightingales which there abound. I care not even if my walk be alone; for pleasant to me are the unconnected and confused reveries of thought at such times idly exercised; solitude amidst such scenes greatly promotes this, and oft do mellowed and softened recollections come o'er the mind, breathing sweet memorials of happiness and peace in days perchance long gone by.

Here we are then—and on that very bank I sat the other evening when stringing together, not primroses, but the following:—

Down to his couch of rest hath sunk the sun,
[I do not believe one word of that is my own.]

And in a silvery wreathed mantle dressed,
 The moon steps forth from yonder mountain top,
 In softened splendour to her azure throne ;
 While the bright " host of heaven," that on her wait,
 In fainter lustre now come twinkling forth,
 To bear her company along the sky.
 The dew is all besprinkling herb and flower,
 Decking with pearls this childhood of the eve ;
 Castle and cottage now are dimly open,
 As night, advancing on by " slow degrees,"
 Draws her grey star-garmented mantle over all—
 Rock, vineyard, mountain, and the winding stream.
 Soft is the air, and all around is still,
 Save where the basel shades the mountain brook,
 Whose low, sweet-sounding murmurs, half-suppressed,
 Bewail and break alone the silence here.

Now leave awhile this carking busy world,
 Your own sad thoughts, and every anxious care,
 And wander here these cooling shades to greet,
 Where mountain-ash, and elm, and oak, and thorn,
 And, variegated sycamore entwine
 A beauteous temple. * * *
 Hark ! there's the nightingale !

Now pouring forth
 In sweet " capricious gushings," musical,
 Her flood of melody—now heard in full—
 And now it dies along the twilight wing—
 A moment breathed again in fond delay—
 Then gone—as if some spirit bore away
 The charmed sound to heaven. Oh ! 'tis an hour
 On which the impassioned soul could linger long !
 And 'tis an hour of which fond memory,

In the heart's book, indelibly inscribes
A deep-toned recollection !

How I love

These evening scenes !

[Perhaps you have already found this out.]

But there is not a star

In heaven's blue vault, nor tree, nor whisp'ring breeze,
Nor flowret, in whose bell the dewdrop sleeps,
Nor ought in dell, plain, upland, or in grove,
But yields to me some communings of joy.

O sweet illusion ! that the pensive breast
Can cheat itself of all its inward pain,
In outward pleasure—such as soothes the heart,
And bids the troubled spirit be at peace.

* * * Good night !

CHAPTER XIV.

HEIDELBERG—ITS SUFFERINGS BY WAR—PROSPECTS, GOOD, BAD, AND BETTER, OF THE COUNTRY GENERALLY—A FEW WORDS ON THE STATE OF SOCIETY AT HEIDELBERG, AND A PORTRAIT OF "TRAVELLING ENGLISH"—INSTANCE OF THE PATERNAL EFFORTS OF THE BADEN GOVERNMENT TO PREVENT IDLENESS AND DISORDERLY HABITS, WITH OTHER MATTERS NOT TO BE HASTILY PASSED OVER.

It has been the lot of Heidelberg, in common with most continental towns, to suffer disastrously from the contentions of those whom religious persecution or the lust of conquest moved to hostilities—merciless and almost exterminating. War has passed heavily over this little town, and the bloody records of its footsteps are still easily traceable in its appearance and history, and indeed may be said yet to live in the memories of some of

its inhabitants. The French seem every where to have carried these atrocities to the highest pitch, and to be known here only through the smoke of battle-fields and burning towns, as a nation fatally devoted to the aggravation of the horrors of war; and their name, naturally enough, is abhorred throughout Germany, which has not yet been able to repair the effects of the ravages they committed.

“Of course,” for I have a great respect for the information you may be supposed to possess,—“of course,” you already know that the most flourishing era of this country was the latter end of the fourteenth century, and that his cousin-german was, about that time, so powerful as to compel “John Bull” to put his hands into his breeches’ pocket and deliver over his purse with a good deal of ready money in it by way of avoiding a dreadful blow in the stomach, with which his relative had threatened him!

But, as you are no doubt also aware, it happened one fine morning—it could not have been

misty or the discovery had never been made—certain Portuguese sailors descried the “Cape of Good Hope,” as they then called it, because of the “hope” thereby afforded, of a passage to India, whose rich merchandises had hitherto found its way overland into Europe viâ Germania. “It is an ill wind that blows nobody good,” says the proverb, and the converse is equally true, for it is a good wind that blows nobody ill; and, if their old chronologers may be credited, that celebrated headland soon deserved a very different name on the German maps; for they quickly found out it was anything but a “good hope” for them. On the contrary, at no very distant period from the above named discovery, the tide of commerce rolled in towards another country, and with that German influence rolled away too. But it is assuredly destined yet to revive—its inhabitants are again awakening to the importance of manufactures, in the improvement of which they are making rapid strides and efforts, which must soon be, if they are not already, felt;

and, under the auspices of Prussia, which has had the statesmanlike tact, influence, and far-sighted policy to bring about the Zoll Verein, will and must become once more a great and mighty nation, deserving and capable of commanding one of the highest positions amongst those who control the affairs of Europe—no more to be deluded and dazzled by the vain though high-sounding offers of “liberty” and “equality,” — nor divided, undermined, and shattered to pieces by the intrigues and influence of foreign jealousy or aggression, but to stand again, as it once did stand, through a long line of fifty emperors, one of the greatest and most powerful nations of ancient or modern times.

But I dare say I can add nothing to your information upon such subjects as these, and as the space to which I have limited myself admits the introduction of little beyond what is absolutely necessary, I must now do what I can to contribute to your comfort during your sojourn in Heidelberg, and endeavour to tell you something

that you are not supposed yet to be quite so well acquainted with. And first, as to society, if you are anxious to cultivate it satisfactorily, bring letters of introduction that you can depend upon, and don't attempt the "magnifico." The Germans are a simple-minded people, of quiet and cautious habits, and not to be dazzled by carriages, horses, servants, furlongs of gold chain, or acres of velvet. On the contrary, a respectable deportment, freedom from self-conceitedness or pride, a cultivated mind, and educated heart, will be found the best passports to their good offices and kindly feelings.

After what I have written it will be almost too much to say I formed some highly satisfactory acquaintances while residing here, and which are not unlikely to ripen into friendships; therefore I will content myself with the assurance that as you are, beyond all question, endowed with the necessary estimable qualities, the truth of it will be fully testified in the agreeable and enduring intercourse you will find amongst them. The

Germans may be said to be a well educated people, but withal, so quiet and unassuming that often, when perhaps least expected, you will meet with men of high attainment. It will be well, therefore, whenever you intend to display yourself, to make quite sure of your subject before you open, whatever that subject may be.

Generally speaking, I do not believe they are particularly anxious for English society; and, in truth, I am not surprised, as the English are undoubtedly seen to most advantage at home. For, although they are deservedly admired all over the world as a people at once enlightened, brave, and free, they, somehow or other, mostly fail to make themselves personally beloved or even respected; and I do believe the great reason is that they will not yield with sufficient good humour to the manners, customs, laws, and modes of thinking of the nations amongst whom they for a time reside, but appear as if they cannot be happy without attempting to disturb that harmless degree of self-love which, for the highest purposes, is

bestowed by heaven as the common birthright of us all. Added to this the strange goings on of many well meaning perhaps, but very indiscreet, English, must inevitably soon work a change in the kind dispositions of these or any other people. Also, when they find assumed as a right what was at first accorded from politeness, and that their simplicity of manners, frugality, peculiarities of dress, and political opinions and position, are made the subjects of discourteous remark, or even of ridicule, by conceited, coarse-minded, and overbearing Englishmen, are we to wonder then that they should begin to examine individual titles to their consideration and esteem? Or, that when called to witness so much that is inconsistent, unbecoming, and hard to be understood, they are disenchanted, and, finding the national character so faintly upheld by some of its representatives abroad, that coldness, neglect, and even dislike, should succeed to the regard they previously entertained? I have witnessed something of this, and you may do so too; and,

greatly as we may lament it, the foregoing is, with a few bright exceptions, but too faithful a portraiture of the "travelling English."

It is possible in society, here as elsewhere, you, as well as others, will meet with a few restless spirits jealous of England without knowing why, and possessing, or affecting to possess, a distaste towards every thing English; and this will be some little trial of your patience; treat it tenderly, nevertheless; you don't go about to be told you are a great nation; be satisfied with knowing it yourself, and do all that is befitting in you to uphold the national character. Let them say what they will, the constitution of your country is a proud and peerless memorial of human wisdom; but since it is human, we may admit without compromising ourselves that it has some imperfections, while, in common with all enlightened minds, we pray that it may be kept from corruption, and guarded from decay. "But England is already fast going down," said a German to me, "and mismanagement and luxury will com-

plete her ruin." He evidently knew little about the matter, or he would have been aware that England can bear and has borne more mismanagement, luxury, and corruption too, than any other country on the face of the earth; and that, while her coal and iron, her free press and trial by jury, endure, she, humanly speaking, never, no never, can go down, spite even of the corn-laws, which, it must be admitted, they fling at your head upon all occasions with considerable reason, while they point most exultingly at their own rising manufactures amongst about sixty-one or two millions, who would at one time have been glad to take a much larger quantity than before, of "John's" cottons, &c., in exchange for their agricultural produce,* could Mr. Bull only have been persuaded to see his own interest in time to secure it.

You will find many also crying out about the licentiousness of the English press; and it is

* Is it too late yet to hope for the establishment of some such permutation?

singular in them so to complain, for more than half Germany is raving after its freedom. But I hope and trust they all will one day have the opportunity of knowing practically how much better such a press is than a thoroughly enslaved one, like that of Austria, Russia, and some other countries. In ours, the true light may beam forth, while in the latter case, it is not only extinguished or removed, but a false one is set up in its stead. The security of a state, like that of a steam-engine, lies in the free and easy action of the safety-valve; and that government is unquestionably the most secure which fears not to give the freest scope to all those discussions and investigations which end in opinions always — but only then — dangerous when restricted, pent up, or confined.

The light of England is its free press; and, after all, light (intellectual, moral, and religious light) is the best reformer for that or any other country, as thereby those disorders are prevented which, although other remedies may sometimes

cure, they oftentimes tend frightfully to confirm.

However, on coming to Germany, whether here or elsewhere, an Englishman of common observation, cannot but feel that his own country is behind it in some very important particulars, viz., education, the absence of national vice, and the restrictive power of the governments in the prevention of crime or even misdemeanour. It is not my present intention to enter into these subjects, but I may just briefly state an instance greatly to the credit of the authorities of Heidelberg, in reference to the latter.

It was recently found the lower class of people—artificers and others—were in the habit of late and otherwise unseasonable indulgences in the various public houses; that scenes of drunkenness and disorder had occurred; and that the comfort of the other portion of the inhabitants was liable to be disturbed thereby. Whereupon it was deemed necessary to take some means to put an end to the growing evil. Now, what did they do?

March off the drunkard to the police-bureau? No; they did better. They instantly issued a restrictive order, and, except at the hour of meals, and then only for a limited period and supply, they cannot be entertained in the wirthschafts; whereby one powerful temptation to idleness and its consequences is prevented, and these places are reduced to their original and legitimate institution and purpose, viz., refreshment, and not excess.

I am aware of the great outcry that would be raised by the barley growers, maltsters, publicans, et hoc genus omne, were such a thing only whispered as likely to take place in England. But for all that, the course adopted in this little town of the duchy of Baden, is the clear line of duty for every government on the face of the earth claiming to be (as which of them does not?) a paternal government. But ours unfortunately acknowledges another line of "duty," totally incompatible with the former, and, since the two can by no means be reconciled, "*à chaque saint sa chandelle.*"

It might be well, however, to consider what the end will be.

* * * *

I had quite intended to conclude here this chapter, but on looking back I find I have forgotten to say one word about Schwetzingen gardens, beyond the mere mention of the "straight road" leading from Heidelberg to the great pond at the bottom of the long walk; and I therefore hasten to repair, as briefly as possible, my omission. About 100 years ago there was nothing to be seen but a level of sand, which has since blossomed into a garden—a sort of French paradise, where you find trees planted in lines, both straight and curved—clipped, stiff, and wall-like hedges—trim parterres—broad and narrow walks, all in a right line—stone basins and fountains, garnished with statues of dogs, stags, water-gods, Tritons, and Naiads, the latter all gaping, and "very thirsty—" looking, which is natural enough, seeing that they are only refreshed with water on Wednesdays and Sundays.

Then there is a make-believe Greek ruin, and an equally sincere-looking Roman aqueduct, a temple dedicated to Mercury, and another to his good-for-nothing goat-footed son Pan, who, if all be true, had a shocking thief for his father. There is also a temple to Flora, and a temple to Apollo—a bath or two, an orangery and an aviary, where the effigies of some barn-door fowls are trying the effect of the cold water system upon a very disconsolate-looking bird of prey, who has apparently just clutched his victim; then there are frescoes, an artificial grotto, a botanical garden, and a Turkish Mosque; and, if that is not enough for you, wait till the hour of evening, and look down the principal vista towards the dioramic view of the Vosges, when, if the weather be propitious, I am persuaded you will return home fully satisfied.

CHAPTER XV.

AMUSEMENTS AT HEIDELBERG—MUSEUM—PUBLIC LIBRARY—
SHOOTING, FISHING, AND THE CLASSIFICATION OF FLOWERS
“ACCORDING TO LINNÆUS”—TROUT-STREAM AT HIRSCHHORN
AND EVENTS THERE, BY WAY OF WARNING TO ALL FLY-FISHERS
WHO VENTURE INTO THAT NEIGHBOURHOOD.

It is now high time for me to tell you something about the amusements of the place, and I may as well begin with the Museum, where you may see the papers every day. Mr. Fries,*

* You will do well to apply to this gentleman upon all occasions where advice or assistance is required. He understands your feelings, habits, and language, and his kind and amiable attentions will ever be remembered by all those who become acquainted with him. He is a fine specimen of the octogenarian—possesses a taste for the arts, and an interesting little gallery of paintings; amongst them, some by his sons, in a style of drawing and brilliancy of colour not often surpassed. In

of whom I have already had occasion to speak, or any other member can introduce you, and access is thus obtained to the reading-room, one month gratis; after which, tickets are to be paid for, at two florins per month, admitting you to all ordinary concerts, &c., and, should you wish to attend the balls, at three florins. If you purpose a year's residence, the better way is to pay five florins entrance, and fifteen florins per annum, which entitles you to all the usual privileges.

A few rainy days and the absence of boots may perhaps call to mind the Public Library here, consisting of about 150,000 volumes, enough possibly to amuse you during your stay. Here also you must be introduced. The Library is most courteously shown to strangers, and contains much to interest you; amongst others

concluding this short note, I must request his forgiveness for making so free with his name, while I thus acknowledge and thank him for many disinterested acts of kindness towards myself during my sojourn in a strange land.

a copy of the "Domesday Book," if you can but read it. On requiring a book you have only to write the name of it on a slip of paper, signed with your own, and drop it into the little box on the left hand side of the staircase, and the following day you will find the librarian has kindly laid it out all ready for you to take home. There is nothing to pay.

Shooting seems to go on here all the year round, and, on that account, I am afraid much cannot be said in its favour. Chasses are to be had at a moderate cost; but those near the town not being preserved, will not show you much sport, and on those at a distance, where roebuck and hares abound, accommodation is bad, access difficult, and good walking and a total disregard of personal comfort indispensable. It may be doubted whether it is worth while "going through so much to gain so little," as a certain young gentleman said who was thrashed through the alphabet; for, notwithstanding all you endure, it is not permitted generally to take away the game you

kill, unless paid for, over and above the hire of the chasse; and inasmuch as its eatableness is here considered to be one very great reason for its pursuit, and as the "fox" is not much esteemed that way, people wonder enormously at the ardour of the English in chase of that animal, which is here shot, skinned, and cast away without mercy, or any respect for his talents. Woodcock is plentiful at times on the hills; and snipes are to be met with in the neighbourhood of Mannheim.

Fishing—At all fitting seasons of the year, when the water suits, a fly-fisher may have some fun by the Neckar side, but he must content himself with chubb and perch, for although there must be trout in the river, I never saw but one, and he appeared too much occupied to attend to my fly. I have taken abundance of excellent perch by Wieblingen Mill, about three miles distant, on the Mannheim Road, but there you had better try a minnow or worm. When fishing for chubb, at the ford below, spare time now and then to look at the "Bergstrasse." The gently sloping moun-

tains are all wooded to the base; here and there, midway up, you see a ruin, and quaint-looking roofs and gables, whitewashed houses, villages, and churches, lie snugly sheltered in many a sun-lit nook, which seem to offer peaceful retreats from the world and its distractions. The silvery stream at your feet, is winding along through a highly cultivated plain, full of rich beauty, and amidst a landscape, from which all roughness has been softened away. The golden haze of an autumnal sunset upon the aerial tint of those purple hills, their beautifully broken outline, the various play of light and shade over their woody dells and undulating surfaces, may furnish enough to fill your sketch-book, though it may interfere a little with the filling of your creel. Other agreeable interruptions may also be found in the peasant's song, the evening bell of some distant village, the splashing leap of a fanciful fish, the motions of that stork a little lower down, on the opposite bank, who is looking rather suspiciously to see what you are about; and the kingfisher, who will at times skim

past you like an emerald in the sunbeam. But I am getting away from my subject a little, though amidst such sweetness and serenity as nature here displays, it is difficult to avoid falling into fits of musing, and the "quiet watchfulness" of the sport itself increases the tendency. On that very account I wonder it is not a favourite with the Germans; but they don't at all understand its fascinations, and so I suppose, as Isaac Walton says, "A man must be born to it," or he can never enjoy it, nor entertain the kindly feelings and sympathy he talks about, towards all "brothers of the angle."

After a flood get some minnows, or what are just as good, stone-touch ("grundling" they call them), and try amongst the large stones of the stream, or in the holes by the banks, bridge, or other places which your own experience will point out; and if you know any thing about it, you need not often return without a well-filled creel. Pike are also to be taken in the river, and eels, at the proper times, by night-lines, in the usual way.

You may take some large chubb at Ziegelhausen ; and let me tell all " honest anglers," that if properly cleaned, and baked in vinegar, these fish will be found to have obtained a bad name, more from bad cooking than from their own bad qualities ; and will, doubtless, be received into favour by all those who try the above method of preparing them.

Trout, though not of a large size, swarm in many of the brooks which run through the neighbouring valleys into this river, particularly at Neckarsteinach, eight miles, and Hirschhorn, twelve miles distance up the stream. You cross over a neat stone bridge into this peaceful-looking village, enclosed by woods stretching up gentle eminences, on one of which stand the remains of its old castle, pleasant to the angler, as indicating the proximity of a good trout stream ; to the lover of the picturesque for the grey ruin that dwells there ; and to the sketcher for the interesting memento it offers to his portfolio, of one of the Neckar's prettiest valleys : follow the road through the village, on the left hand, which winds under the castle-

steep, and you will soon see extended before you the green plat of the valley, decked here and there with trees, and dotted with goats, sheep, and cattle, feeding; a few paces and you are at the side of the wood-fringed brook, follow its course for about a quarter of a mile, and make your first throw under the clump of alders there, above the dam on the right hand side—you are sure of a rise,—so—

But look, yonder comes a long-legged fellow, with a straggling moustache, yellow, frog-like face, and green collared coat; by the latter probably a messenger from the “Forst Gericht”—just feel in your pocket for the written authority to fish in this brook, will you?—Have you got it?—So—again—that will do—otherwise—* * * There, now he is gone I'll tell you what happened to two of us here.

Hearing of this trout stream, we walked over with others to make some inquiry about it, and finding part of it rented by one Wirth “Berthold,” we ordered some dinner at his house, and gently hinted our desire for a day's fishing, offering to

pay for permission, or to buy, at the usual price per pound, the fish we might take. He said he supposed we should always dine there upon such occasions, and in that case we might go as often as we pleased; therefore, naming a day for our first attempt, we returned home in high glee at the success which had attended us.

The day came; so did we; and it is impossible to imagine one of more perfect loveliness than that which opened upon us. We started by the steam packet at six o'clock, A.M., by about half-past ten (recollect it is up stream) we were at the brook side, and the murder soon begun: it was as evident these particular trout had never seen a "red palmer" before, as was their desire to become better acquainted with it, an inclination we were not loth to indulge, and we had our reward. Long shall I remember that day; and if the friend who accompanied me should chance to see this account, and require any such viable appeal to his memory, he will recollect it too.

We had been at it about an hour, when one of

the severest thunder-storms I ever encountered broke over us ; we might have been warned of its approach by the heavily gathering clouds, the gyrations of the birds, the music of certain far-seeing pigs, and the restless lowing of the cows, who, with elevated tails, were making for their accustomed shelter as fast as possible ; but then who, on a killing-day, would think of listening to any music save that which tinkled at his feet, or of paying any regard to the adverse signs of a cow's tail, when he could persuade the trout to show him theirs, under circumstances apparently so much less fearful.

Until now silence had been in the air, when, all at once, a distant rushing sound was heard. I looked round, but could see nothing, and yet it seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer ; suddenly we beheld the far-off trees all in the most violent motion ; 'twas but an instant and a thick curtain of mist fell over them ; the wind bore onward the burden of the storm, and, in a moment, it reached us ; a vivid flash of purple lightning

glanced right from the centre of a huge pile of dark clouds, and a crashing peal of thunder broke over our heads, increasing and deepening its awful anthem as it rolled along, till, at length, in faint reverberations, it died away among the dim echoes of the distant hills : but it appeared as if that burst had rent asunder the clouds that gave it birth, and opened upon us the flood-gates of heaven, while peal followed peal, flash on flash, and roar on roar, till the very earth seemed to tremble and shake again, as if acknowledging the presence of its God. We had lingered too long by the brook-side to admit any hope of shelter or escape, and the consequences upon us may be easily conceived. Amidst whirlwinds of dust, which the tempest had stirred up, and deluges of rain, we made our way back to the inn, disappointed and dripping,—but we filled our creels. .

The sun shortly broke forth again over the face of nature, now all serene and glistening ; and having dried our clothes as well as we could, we once more walked down to the brook. Alas, we

had not calculated the probable effects of a mountain storm ; instead of the clear pellucid stream, from which we had been driven about an hour before, there rushed a torrent of “*café au lait*,”—the “*lait*” very much predominating ; therefore, endeavouring to console ourselves with a good dinner, and the renewed invitation of our host, we returned with about twelve pounds of fish to Heidelberg.

As you may be sure, at no very distant period we again found ourselves at Hirschhorn, and calling at Wirth Berthold’s for the important purpose of ordering dinner, saw his wife, to whom we mentioned our object in coming, according to her husband’s permission. She said he was from home, but it was all right, and we could go as before. We did so, and mark the consequences.

In about an hour and a half “*Frogmouth*,” the forstmeister’s deputy, made his appearance, and in a rasping tone of voice, enough to grate a nutmeg, asked us what we did there ? The quantity of fish already captured (more than the first time) pretty well answered his question, though evidently not

in the most satisfactory manner, either as to number or means. He looked at our wet flies,—he was sorely puzzled,—like the poor deluded fish, it was evident he had never before seen a red palmer, and his desire was equal to theirs, to know more about it. He smelt them (how I wished the hook through his nose, I would have “played him” up and down for about half an hour like a salmon, and his information should have been practically complete”). “It is nothing,” said he; “nothing,” said we;—but on looking again at the fish, he saw reason to change his opinion. He asked us for our authority, and we referred him to Wirth Berthold. “That is nothing,” again said he; but as we thought otherwise, he had the “nothing” this time all to himself. He invited us to walk down with him to the police Amt, which, fully confident of our position, I consented to do, although my companion at first refused, and seemed to entertain the most serious thoughts of “drowning him.” However, I succeeded in dissuading him from the commission of so horrible a crime!

and he also accompanied "Frog" to the bureau, where we carried things with as high a hand as might be. The deposition on our side was heard, and Berthold being still from home, they said the matter must be adjourned, and we were coolly asked to deposit in their hands thirty guilders, the amount of penalty incurred by fishing without leave. This, however, we flatly refused to do, either then, or at any other time; first, because we could not muster above "fourteen" between us, and for the still greater reason, because it had yet to be proved that we had incurred any penalty at all, and to have paid it would have been tacitly to admit we had done wrong. Upon this they said they should retain the rods to abide the result of inquiry into the case, with which we were quite satisfied, feeling assured that on Berthold's return all would be put to rights. But he came not while we remained in Hirschhorn, and in this comfortable state of things we were obliged to return home, his wife abusing us for not giving the "forstmeister's deputy" five or six florins, to have abandoned any charge against us!

In about a week from this time we had a letter, informing us that Herr Berthold—Berthold the Wirth—Berthold the postmaster of Hirschhorn, and renter of the stream, had denied having given us the permission !

Now, having no more idea of going to a man's brook without permission than of walking uninvited into your library and using your books, we were of course excessively indignant at all this; but having nothing to show against his depositions, there was every probability of incurring, in penalty and costs, about £5 expense for two hours' fun; besides, what was still worse, recommending ourselves to universal sympathy, by sustaining the interesting and compassionate character of English poachers.

I instantly wrote to the higher powers at Darmstadt, stating the whole affair from beginning to end, and praying for a strict investigation of all the circumstances; and, after securing the offices of a very clever and respectable advocate in Heidelberg we patiently awaited a further summons from Hirschhorn.

At length it came, and we again made our appearance at "the bar," accompanied thi time by a witness, who was fortunately with us on our "visit of inquiry," and had heard given to us the fullest general permission to fish the brook ; whereupon we boldly confronted the Wirth, who, shifting his ground a little, said he might have given us an authority the first time, but utterly repudiated any other, and this he stuck to most resolutely. Meanwhile, our kind advocate, who conducted the case most ably, was not asleep, and, throwing Wirth Berthold off his guard, in a quiet conversation, "won" from his own lips "a proof" against himself, so clear and satisfactory to the magistrate, as convinced him that our accuser had deposed to a —, and the result was the instant subversion of the charge against us. Our rods were returned, and such expenses, we were told, would fall upon the worthy Wirth, as, I trust, ere this have taught him a salutary lesson that will be beneficially acted upon towards yourself, should you ever venture to indulge in a

day's fly-fishing here, without a written permission.

* * * *

Amongst the intellectual amusements of Heidelberg, ought to be mentioned the university lectures, to which strangers can mostly gain admission; and also the musical societies in the town, especially the Sing Verein, who occasionally give as good a concert as the construction of the room, which is badly adapted to such a purpose, will permit. If you prefer it, musical people are to be found with whom you may pass many enjoyable evenings at home.*

If you are addicted to botanizing, you may abundantly gratify your destructive propensities on the neighbouring heights, or in the gardens near the Mannheim Thor, which are always open, except on Sundays, and where you will frequently find a cluster of students with their "professor."

* There is a little theatre here near the Prinz Max hotel, much cannot certainly be said in praise of the performances, beyond this, that they are agreeable enough as so many German lessons at about sixpence each.

For my part I don't like "botany," though I do love flowers as well as any German, but to pull them to pieces in order to classify them according to Linnæus, is a trick I should never dream of; and I must acknowledge my inability to discover what good end is answered in thus destroying them. Right or wrong it "jumps not with my humour." I love them too well and can gather many a lesson of patience, humility, peace, and hope, from these sweet children of the sun, who, from their creation to the present time, have followed unobtrusively and more faithfully than I, the law of Him who bade them and us and all to be, and who has given these gifts to gladden and beautify the path which sin has strewn with many thorns.

CHAPTER XVI.

DESIDERATA.

It is intended to devote this chapter entirely to such suggestions as will be found useful in your circumstances; and which, it is hoped, will assist in pitching your tent satisfactorily in Heidelberg. For the sake of easier reference, the information which it seems desirable to offer is classified under separate heads. And first, as regards

APARTMENTS.

These are to be had both furnished and unfinished, at rents varying according to position, accommodation, and "milord Anglais'" notions as to style. Should you purpose even but two

years' residence, or indeed but a year and a half, it is better to buy furniture for yourself. But if otherwise decided upon, do not be persuaded to hire it separately from the lodgings; the trouble is immense, and the vexation also. Your list must at first necessarily be imperfect. You will have a high comparative price to pay for it, and a still higher for every addition you may require beyond the first agreement; besides which, the chance of a lawsuit awaits you at the end of your term, upon the plea of "damages." As a rule,—separate hiring of furniture is not to be thought of by the English coming to this place.

Unfurnished. — Respectable sets of rooms, en suite, were offered to me, first floors,* consisting of five or six rooms, besides kitchen, wood cellar, &c., at 200 to 300 florins per annum; and this rent, even for greater accommodation in the best situations, need not generally be exceeded by

* The "Zweite Stock," or second floor (German); in this country, the ground floor being called the first.

moderate people, if they do not object to a third floor (German).

The cost of furnishing such rooms moderately, according to the custom of the country, through the medium of sales and second-hand furniture, will be about £40, without the best kind of linen which you may require.* Of this sum the greater portion will be realized again on quitting the place, without anything like the expenses connected with such transactions in England; and the saving you will effect by the purchase of furniture, compared with that of hiring ready-furnished apartments, will be from 30 to 50 per cent., according to circumstances.

Furnished.—We had a second floor (German), on the Anlagen for a month, comprising two large sitting rooms, four bed rooms (small), kitchen, and the usual accessories, furnished with most things that we required, for sixty florins; taken for a longer period, the rent would have been about fifty-

* Carpets are not in general use here; instead, rugs are laid down where required.

five florins, which is about the average for that class of accommodation. We found the people quiet, attentive, and anxious to do every thing to make our stay comfortable.

Good lodgings are also to be had at the Schützenhaus, on the opposite side of the way ; but the constant rifle practice—particularly on Sundays—will sadly disturb you ; besides which, the proprietor has been found somewhat “exigeant,” and it will be advisable to make with him a strict agreement. But the Anlagen is altogether a summer residence ; its distance from the markets is also a disadvantage ; and its exposure to the west winds renders it at times very cold ; there may also be too many trees about it to suit your fancy and mine.

A set of apartments on the same floor as that described above, smaller rooms however, and one room less, in the Museum platz, taken for a year, cost after the rate of about forty florins per month, including linen and washing, the proprietor of which we found equally civil and obliging ; in-

deed, if people are otherwise disposed towards us here or elsewhere, it may be well to ask ourselves how much of it arises from our own bearing towards them,* or overstrained requirements upon a simple-minded people. If anything goes wrong, and this, even in spite of ourselves, will sometimes, you know, be the case, quiet remonstrance will generally serve to put all right again; but if you storm and rave, become exacting, capricious, or attempt to play the magnifico, your case is desperate, and I fear I must altogether give you up, lest I should become involved in the squabbles you will assuredly bring upon yourself.

In selecting apartments, of which there is every variety, it must be remembered that Heidelberg lies in a valley, and a narrow one too, therefore you must contrive that an interview with the sun can be occasionally had; which, however much you may desire it, is, in some situations, difficult to obtain. For this reason, should you wish a

* Wie du hinein ruffst in den Wald
Die stimme dir entgegen hallt.

water-side residence, you must go on the north bank of the river for it: prepare yourself, however, in that case, to pay a toll every time you cross the bridge into the town.

There are many good lodgings in the Hauptstrasse, but it is noisy at all times, though some perhaps will call it only lively, and in summer it is close and hot. Some friends of ours had apartments in Frederickstrasse, which is a very agreeable situation, and where they were well provided with every thing they required at a moderate rent, and amidst as much civility and attention as the circumstances demanded. Others might be instanced, but it is needless to do so, as, where you are not assured already of the respectability of any proprietor with whom you may be about to treat, Mr. Fries, the banker, will kindly put you in possession of all necessary information, and which, together with that offered herein, will, it is hoped, be found to subserve to the prevention both of annoyance and imposition.

Two or three things, however, are yet necessary

to be observed, if you mean to get on comfortably, and which I will enumerate as briefly as possible. Do not allow your servants to borrow anything of other people in the house. Pay for every thing ready money, and pay it yourself, and not through your servants. Bills are unsafe things any where, but particularly abroad. If you have any complaint to make to your landlord, by all means make it yourself, or at all events, not through your domestics; for the simplest message, conveyed in this way, possesses a power of increase far beyond that of a rolling snow-ball. A wrong emphasis, tone, or manner of delivering it, gives a far different impression to what you intended, and the consequence will be misapprehension, disagreement, and much discomfort to yourself. A knowledge of what others have suffered by a contrary course taught us, and may teach you, the importance of bearing these rules in mind, and acting upon them on all necessary occasions.

The main thing, however, is the agreement; with-

out it every other precaution will fail to secure your comfort ; human nature is human nature all over the world ; lodging-house keepers ditto ; and if you have not already found them out at Bognor, Hastings, Dover, Brighton, and suchlike places, you are a very lucky person ; but it becomes all the more necessary, that you forthwith turn to the memorabilia, where you will see a form of agreement all ready prepared to defend such innocence as yours, and which has already fully answered the purpose generally intended by instruments of that nature. Here again, as a general caution, let me recommend you to have every thing in “ black and white,” where it is at all possible to make that kind of bargain, even down to the agreed price of any article of dress you may require from the tailor ; get it in writing, otherwise you may chance to light upon those who will, afterwards, most impudently swear to the greatest possible discrepancy between your “ understanding” and theirs ! and you will perhaps have to learn, through the medium of the Amt, the advisableness of the precaution here insisted upon.

In choosing your apartments, it will, lastly, be well to inquire if any, and how many, students lodge in the same house? also, whether they are reading or rioting men? if the latter, avoid the place, or you will not get a wink of sleep during three nights out of five. They are very fond of the music of—"old rose and burn the bellows,"—an air not altogether unknown in England, and which they commence, with the usual accompaniments, about eleven o'clock at night, and treat you to the finale at three or four in the morning, to the utter confusion of all sober-minded people and light sleepers.

Servants.—After the apartments, the next things to be thought about are the servants; and here you must prepare yourself for the exercise of all your little stock of patience amidst a great deal of "aggravation." For after the active movements, neat appearance, quick perception, and cleanly habits of the English servants; you will, according to certain testimony, upon which I am much accustomed to rely, be "driven almost beside yourself," by

the absence of the above qualifications in most of those you will find here, and the total want of thought upon all and every the most common occasions in which its exercise would benefit themselves or you. They have heads, it is true, so have pins, and both require constant direction ; what you tell them to-day you must repeat to-morrow, and next day, and the day after that, and without it they are both helpless and useless. Their general character, we were told, is not good ; but it must be borne in mind, this is a university town, and here, as elsewhere, the presence of six or seven hundred students is not likely much to improve the morality of this hard-working, unfortunate, and much to be pitied class of beings, scorned and abused by many, who, themselves free from the same dangerous exposure, seem to forget that the best expression towards human frailty is, “ Lead me not into temptation.”

The wages they will probably ask, are six, seven, and eight florins per month ; and I have known some of the English pay the higher sum,

but the inhabitants only pay about five florins, and you need not exceed that amount for one of the best, or less in proportion, according to circumstances and the capacity in which you require them. A few florins, however, are expected, by way of present at Christmas, and which anticipation generally promotes good behaviour amongst them. They are obtained by advertisement or inquiry, as in other places, and they should bring with them a character-book from the police, from which you may learn, if you can only read the writing, the duration and nature of their former services and conduct.

We were told it is usual to keep every thing under lock and key, but whether from habit or necessity it is impossible to say. English people find it difficult to acquire a custom so highly repulsive to their own regulations and feelings. The comptroller of our household experienced this, and locked up nothing. "*Abandon fait larron*," said a German lady; the principle it involves is, no doubt, a kind and safe one, and it may have been

unwise not to act upon it, but it is only just to add, that no reason whatever was found to suspect, in any way, their honesty. It is, however, in all such cases, better to conform to the usages of the country.

If you have a good English servant, one whom you well know, and can rely upon, by all means bring her with you, for her presence will, most essentially, contribute to your comfort. But since the habits of the country must, in some respects be followed, she must be prepared, as well as yourselves, to experience some little change in matters of personal accommodation. You are, perhaps, already aware, that servants travel with you by steamer at half price.

Before concluding this section, it may be as well to inform you, that according to the best mathematical calculations I have been able to obtain—a good English servant is about equal to two and another seven-eighths German; some say to two and fifteen-sixteenths; but as I intend this to be a “popular work,” I have endeavoured to avoid all

abstruseness of detail, and the first will perhaps be found quite near enough to the truth for most readers.

Water.—Good water, as I have already said, abounds here; and you may generally get it in perfection, except after heavy rains, when the brunnens for a short time become a little discoloured by the deposit brought down from the mountains. That in the Museum platz is from a soft and beautiful spring, and good for all purposes. There is also a well-known one at the castle, which is said to be the best in the town, but don't attempt to send there for your supply, unless you can accompany your servant and see the cruise filled; for otherwise the probability is, she will do so at the nearest brunnen, and gossip away the extra time with her friends at the brink. This has already been known to happen here more than once!

Medical Attendance.—It is to be hoped you will not require this, but if you do, you may assure yourself of the best, since Heidelberg, as a school

of medicine, has attained European celebrity. Dr. Chelius is, amongst other recommendations, renowned as an oculist, but his numerous engagements may render it difficult to get him. We can, however, bear most unreserved testimony to the skill, prompt attention, and kindness, of Dr. Nägele and Dr. Nebel. The first speaks French, and lives in the Museum platz; the second is to be found near the church of the Holy Ghost, and thoroughly understands English.

The tariff of fees is very low and seldom adhered to; the better way is, when you are as well satisfied as we were, to beg them to send you the account for their visits, without which they will not do so, and the charges made are sure to be such as you will consider moderate, and gladly disburse, with many thanks into the bargain.

Warming and Ventilating.—Although the people are generally healthy, you will miss much here, as well as in other parts of Germany, the ruddy complexions of England; nor can I help thinking the cause to lie very much in the great

warmth and little ventilation permitted in the houses of the inhabitants; and to endure which, it is necessary to possess in one's constitution something of the salamander. The temperature they, or many of them, breathe, during the period of fires, is close and unwholesome to the last degree, for the reason that they will not permit a breath of air to enter; and the fires are not unfrequently lighted in the room in iron stoves, which becoming almost red hot, the vital properties of much of the air in the room are quickly destroyed by burning: the effects are instantly felt in head-ache, tremulousness, and oppressed vision, and may end in something worse if care be not taken. The use of porcelain stoves will, in some sort, prevent this; and when made thoroughly warm, they will long retain the heat, and the fire may be dispensed with. If iron stoves are used, they should be so contrived that the fire can be lighted apart from the sitting-room. The porcelain, however, are preferable, as from the nature of the material they do not destroy the air in the same degree as the others; you may,

therefore, with less hesitation, light the fire in the room, and thus enjoy a substitute, such as it is, for the bright and happy "lilly low" of an English fire-side. In any case, a broad, open, shallow vessel of water on the stove, will assist, by its evaporation, the extreme dryness of the air. Do not be afraid to open your windows frequently during the day, there is no chimney-opening as in England; and what with double windows, and oftentimes moss crammed into all the crevices, the circulation of air must be very imperfect.

It should be mentioned, that an Englishman here has had open fire places constructed, which he tells me are answering well, and without any increase in the consumption of fuel. Wood is burned here, and also "loh-käse"* — the refuse of the tan-yards compressed into flatted squares like paving tiles, which are sold at from twenty-four to thirty-six kreutzers per hundred, according to the season, and they burn very well. It is

* "Tan-cheese." Give the man who brings you two or three hundred, 6xms., after he has packed them away.

said, however, the servants require looking after, or they will not use them, whereby your consumption of fuel will be greatly increased. The reason is, that by burning pure the beech wood which you buy, an "ash" is produced, which they can sell to a good account. Wood is brought by the Maas.—
Vide Memorabilia.

MATERIA MEDICA.

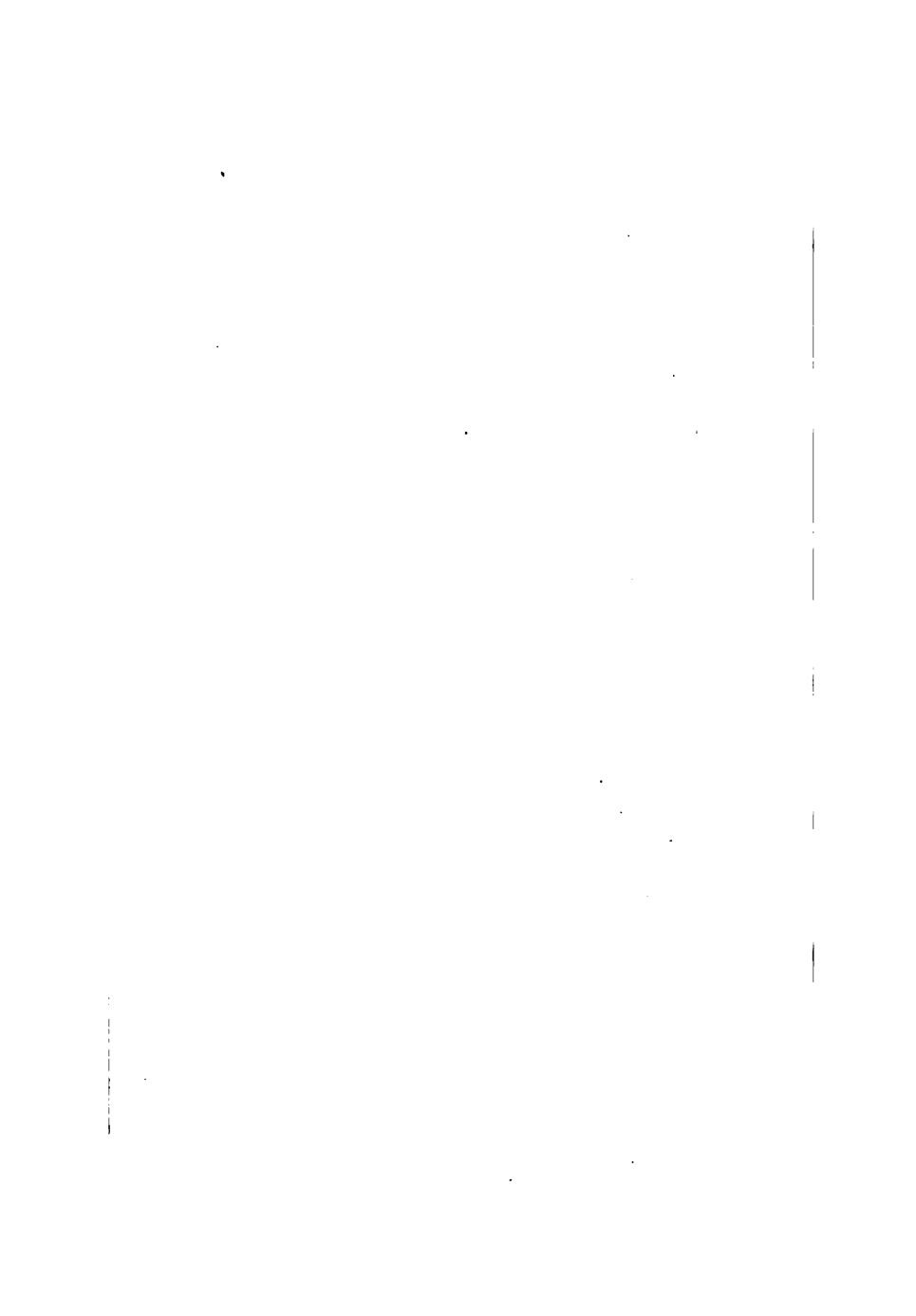
It is sometimes difficult to make the German chemist (or apotheker), understand your application for some of the usual domestic medicines resorted to in England. Here follow the names of a few of the most necessary.

Rhubarb	Rhabarber.
Magnesia	Magnesia.
Castor oil	Ricinus-oel.
Senna	Senne.
Carbonate of Soda .	Kohlensaures natron.
Salts	Salze.

Should you require anything beyond these simple remedies, you had better apply to a physician ; I forbear to entrust you with the names of any others lest I should incur the guilt of aiding you in an attempt at self-destruction !

Tooth-powder is known here as "zahn pulver;" and for which a mixture of kreide and kampfer (camphorated chalk) is, incomparably beyond all others, the best that can be used.

MEMORABILIA.



MEMORABILIA.

RITTER TOGGENBURG.

BEFORE I commenced this book I had almost made up my mind that you should not learn from me one word of the many legends of the Rhine, but I was constrained to make an exception as regarded the deeply pathetic relation by the old man of the grotto; and I find I must yet make another in favour of the above—not for its own sake however, for in point of interest it cannot compare with the former—nor is it because it has been woven into a beautiful ballad by Schiller—but simply because I am enabled

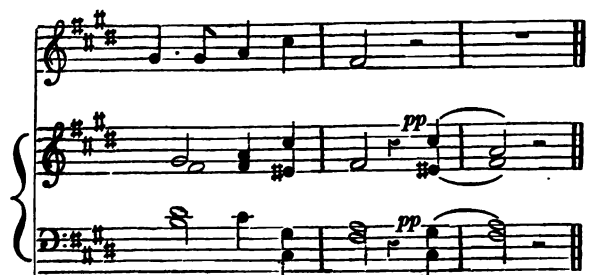
to introduce you to some music to which it has been allied by Geiger of Copenhagen, and if, as I think most probable, you have not yet heard it, you will thank me for making you acquainted with it. Sentimentality is my abhorrence, but yet, if this music does not convey to you all the impression of an anguished heart—I will not say breaking—for hearts are much tougher things than they are generally imagined to be, and though sorely riddled perhaps, do not break, let lovers, doctors, and newspapers say what they will—then must one of us relinquish for ever all pretensions to knowing anything about a science which is one of the greatest delights of my life.

Now, sit down and try it; but, if you please, no flourishes—simple expression is all that it requires.

RITTER TOGGENBURG.

MUSIC BY GEIGER.





HOTELS.

HOLLAND:—Should you travel by way of Rotterdam, where, as every where else, you will be sorely beset by the agents of various hotels, you will find the Hotel de l'Europe clean, comfortable, and moderate. The landlord, Mr. Bolley, speaks English and is, in the highest degree, personally attentive and obliging.

I found the Hotel de Pays Bas dear, but, as my contemplated stay was only three days, I do not know that I should have left it on that account, had it not also been infested with a most pestiferous specimen of rascality in the shape of a commissioner, rather short in stature, with frizzled hair, and a very confiscated sort of countenance. Should you have your son with you, and be staying here, keep him out of this fellow's way; the allurements he holds out may otherwise entice him to listen, and end in his corruption. He thrusts himself upon you in the most obtrusive manner, nor will he desist till you show

him a piece of good English oak, similar to what I threatened him with, and which I certainly should have made acquainted with his shoulders, had not the promise so to do produced the desired effect of keeping him at a distance. I have reason to know that complaint has been made about him to the proprietor, who, it is to be hoped, has, ere this, put an end to so abominable a system, or, what is far better, discharged him, although I heard of his being still there a few months ago. I enter upon this subject with the greatest reluctance; but it is not the only instance that has come to my knowledge, and it is necessary in order to put you on your guard that you should be informed of the mode adopted to increase the "ways and means" of some of the genus—commissioner, who, from the circumstances under which they are engaged, possess peculiar opportunities of abusing the confidence of those who may be led to employ them.

There is much bad-drinking water in this country, and it may be useful to know that five drops

of sulphuric acid in a decanter of bad water will precipitate the noxious particles, and render the water wholesome; and it may perhaps add to your comfort, in many parts of the continent, to know also, that two drops of essential oil of lavender distributed about your bed will put to flight whole legions of fleas.

THE RHINE.—The hotels on the Rhine are all dear, and the only safe way, if you are going to remain a few days at either of them, is to make a bargain with the proprietor. As a general rule, get your bill every night. I have met with more than one waiter in the interior of Germany, who had formerly lived at some of these hotels, and they have told me in so many words that their masters' instructions were, "Charge the English anything going out, but be careful on their way home, as they know more about it then." This may furnish you a useful hint whereby to regulate these matters. I got 20 and 25 per cent. off my bills in some cases, and never less than 15 per cent., by quiet remonstrance with the proprie-

tor; and the blame of the overcharge was always laid, and undeservedly as I believe, upon the poor waiters.

In Germany, you must know, these functionaries are always to be called "kellner," and neither "waiter" nor "garçon:" but then don't you fall into the same error as a lady at Mainz, who began by being surprised to find so many "Mr. Kellners," and ended by "supposing it was a name as common in this country as 'Smith' is in England!" If you merely dine at a table d'hôte, give "Kellner" nothing; if staying a week at an hotel, give the servants one florin to one florin thirty kreutzers; if with a party of four persons, then two-and-a-half to three florins, which, unless you are all very troublesome, is ample, and more than I have known to be given by many of the Germans. Avoid occupying salons which have "English carpets," (?) velvet couches, damask chairs, or large mirrors, and also late dinners in your own room.

MANHEIM. — We found the Pfälzer Hof all

we could wish, but "il faut marchander," there also; and let no shamefacedness interfere with your doing so here—there—and every where else on your journey.

On going hence to Heidelberg do not be persuaded to go by Lohnkutscher. Whether your baggage be little or much the railroad is more comfortable, quicker, and cheaper. The hotel-keepers will sometimes do all they can to persuade you into one of their carriages instead, and hence the necessity for this caution to strangers.

HEIDELBERG.—For the wants and wishes of all moderate people the Hotel de Hollande (Hollandischer Hof) will be found fully equal. This too has its carpeted rooms, but take care they are not too soft for your feet. If you wish to be grand you must go to the Prinz Carl or the Badischer. I have already told you where to find them; all these are good—of the rest I know nothing and therefore can give you no information. The Hollandischer Hof is very pleasantly situated close to the bridge.

And now all this is said it may be but of little avail, since proprietors, and eke commissioners are mortal, even hotels sometimes change both for better and for worse. However, the rules herein laid down have been satisfactorily acted upon—will be found unimpeachable, and of universal application.

EMMERICH.

IN the early part of the year 1843, an intimate friend of mine, the same who suffered so much at Rotterdam under the infliction of the mop, was travelling from thence to this place by one of the Düsseldorf Company's steamers, his baggage, amongst other things, comprising a few boxes of linen and books ; the whole of which, having been disposed of in the usual way under the tarpaulin on the deck, he was somewhat surprised by an application from the "conducteur" to know if he would wish him to take charge of them ? This proposal he declined, considering them already under his care ; but shortly after, ob-

serving the luggage of other passengers lowered into a most comfortable-looking "hold" and presently locked up, he inquired into the matter, and found that, "upon payment of so much a-piece," these packages had been taken into this especial favour. But innocently supposing the distinction they enjoyed was only about equal to that of the "pavilion" and the "first cabin," he still thought as the second best accommodation had sufficed for his person, the "tarpaulin" might do for his baggage, which he accordingly allowed to remain as it was. On reaching Emmerich, however, he discovered that the title the others had gained to consideration was apparently recognized by the custom-house officers, whose zeal was nevertheless eminently displayed in rummaging, with praiseworthy strictness, those suspicious-looking subjects under the tar canvas; and, as I feel it my duty to make their virtues public, it is proper you should know, and that the Prussian minister should reward, as it deserves, the discrimination and diligence that led them to this, and also to

discover about half a pound of English rusk that a poor woman had brought with her as feed for her infant, and to compel her to pay duty, a triumph which was most signally achieved by them on the 21st May, 1843, amidst others which might be mentioned, of an equally creditable character. Notwithstanding this, it must be owned they showed great leniency in other instances; for example, the before-mentioned packages which had been distinguished by the "conducteur's" peculiar attention, were treated with the most profound respect—handled very daintily, and underwent but little examination compared with that to which many of the others were subjected, whose owners had not secured for them the privilege of so easy an escape. But to proceed with the story of my friend—The following morning the packet was late in starting, and the conducteur came to him to say that—such being the case, and as it was yet necessary that his boxes should be opened and examined, the books weighed, &c., &c., which would detain them so much longer—it would

greatly accommodate both him and the passengers if he would allow them to be left until the next day, when he (the conducteur) would see to their being forwarded to Coblenz, Mainz, or wherever else he might be going. Not exactly seeing why the "convenience of the passengers" should be pleaded as a reason for any such arrangement, after the vessel had been "lying to" *all night at Emmenich*, he refused again and again to permit anything of the kind; until, at length, the repeated solicitation of the conducteur and agent, backed by some of the passengers, got the better of him, and his own judgment yielded to his amiable disposition (a most sinful weakness!), for which he got his recompense in a way hereafter to be shown.

Suspecting something—though he scarcely knew what—and apprehending difficulty thereafter without a clear understanding being had as to their ulterior disposal, he sent for the conducteur and, in the presence of two or three competent witnesses, told him, if he consented to leave his baggage as requested, that he (the conducteur)

must take upon himself the responsibility of its safe delivery—that he was then going on to Coblenz and Mannheim,—and as it would travel with him free of cost, it must be sent the following day to Coblenz, without any charge upon it, beyond the duty payable to Prussia, especially as in leaving it behind he consulted only the conducteur's convenience and not his own. These points being distinctly understood, acknowledged, and promised, the boxes were abandoned to the Philistines, and the vessel proceeded on her way.

He waited at Coblenz, Mainz, and Mannheim, expecting to receive them, but they came not; and, although he made repeated applications on the subject, nearly two months elapsed ere he could gather any certain tidings of their whereabouts, and then he was called upon to pay a sum, amounting altogether (including “warehousing,” “landing,” “re-landing,” “loading,” and “landing” again, and agents' fees all along the Rhine), to about forty-two florins or £3 10s. English

money! Of course this was refused, and some of the principals written to, stating the grounds of refusal, also setting forth the full particulars of the arrangement with the conducteur, and requesting their delivery accordingly—but without success. The directors were then appealed to, who, relying, it is supposed, upon the statements of the conducteur and agent at Emmerich, attempted to justify the charge, (!) offering, however, “under the circumstances,” some abatement of the amount. This was altogether resisted, as were also other and still further reduced offers, it being resolved to compel the fulfilment of the understanding with the conducteur in its strictest integrity, however great the delay and inconvenience might be. By way of bringing matters to a close he at length wrote once more to the directors to say he did not intend any longer to submit to the treatment he was experiencing at the hand of their agents; and that, unless the boxes were delivered to him within so many days, an action would be instantly commenced for their

recovery, and the whole affair, from beginning to end, published in the English papers. It would be a dreadfully long story to enumerate all that was said and done, and the inconvenience that was suffered; the prominent facts only are brought forward for your information and guidance, in order that you may avoid a similar annoyance, and be the better enabled to resist a similar attempt at imposition by the agents. It is only necessary at present to add, that the effects were obtained within the specified time, and in the manner insisted upon, subject only to the additional freight from Mannheim to Heidelberg, where he was then staying, which, together with the duty paid to Prussia, amounted to about seven florins!! From the time they were left at Emmerich, to their being re-obtained, there elapsed a period of about three months—almost too long to wait for a clean nightcap!

GOODS IN TRANSITU.

DIRECTIONS for sending heavy baggage, or other private effects, “in transitu,” by steam, from Eng-

land to Germany, so that the package shall not be opened until it arrives at its final destination.

In the first place, such packages to be directed as follows:—

"In transitu," to Heidelberg, (or elsewhere.)

No. () Mr.

Care of

Heidelberg.

To the care of "Messrs." (any respectable agents.)

Rotterdam.

Get printed bills of lading from the General Steam Navigation or other Company, in which the packages must be described as containing the baggage and other private effects of an inhabitant of Heidelberg, and in the margin write the words IN TRANSITU TO HEIDELBERG (or elsewhere): one copy to be delivered to the captain, and the other sent by post to the agents at Rotterdam, acquainting them the packages have been sent by the steam ship (), on the day of , 18 , "to their care," and re-

questing that they be forwarded by the earliest steam conveyance to Mannheim, and thence to Heidelberg (or otherwise, according to their destination), in such a manner that they may not be opened till their arrival at the latter place, where it is intended the duty (if any) shall be paid.

This mode will save you the annoyance of having your packages disturbed until you are present, and also the delays and expenses of any intermediate agencies, who will otherwise mulct you all along the Rhine; and which may, in some degree, account for the Steam Navigation Company not knowing any thing of the working of this plan for forwarding private effects, and even attempting to dissuade a friend of mine from adopting it, but he, disregarding what they said, acted upon it, found it answer in all respects well, and kindly perfected my information upon the subject, which is now confidently recommended to all those who have any occasion to put it in practice.

At the custom-house at Heidelberg, you will meet with the most considerate, kind, and prompt

attention that can possibly be shown, consistently with the duty to be performed.

CUSTOM-HOUSE REGULATIONS.

You will not generally find much trouble in these matters abroad: at Ostend, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, they are found mostly very civil; and the commissioner of the hotel where you are going, will, for a florin, always attend to the passing of your effects; and this is the only service in which they can be safely employed; but if you are quick, and understand the language, you had better do this for yourself. At Aix-Emmerich, as already observed, and, indeed, on most parts of the Prussian frontier, vexations and delays of the most petty and aggravating nature frequently occur; and some management, and no little command of temper, are necessary to bring you pleasantly through the ordeal. Added to the apparently general strictness of the system here, the agents of the various steam-packets, and the custom-house "subs," are hand and glove with other worthies along the

Rhine ; and, under pretence of assisting you, will endeavour so to arrange matters, as to make all the money they possibly can : resist this,—quietly but firmly resist this,—it is a duty, though an unpleasant one, and a few lessons, properly administered, will either teach them better manners or a deeper scheme. With packages from England, all the usual trouble may be avoided, and much expense, by causing them to be forwarded “in transitu,” as already described, paying the duty at the place of their destination. Do not fail to be present at the examination in Prussia, of any baggage that accompanies you ; and let no plea, either of the ear-ringed conducteur, or the smoothfaced agent at Emmerich, induce you to leave one single package behind, however heavy it may be ; for if you do, many weeks will elapse ere you see it again ; and the expenses upon it will testify the trouble it has got into during the absence of your careful attentions on its behalf. But after all that may be said of the annoyances and delays abroad, it may be questioned whether England is not worse

in some particulars; and without painting the real miseries of the prisoners there, as Sterne did the imaginary ones of his captive, it has truly been said, that a serious diminution of national comfort is sustained, as all can bear witness who have either visited the shores of England or returned to it again; and this may be easily proved by any of the right honourable members of Her Majesty's Privy Council, who will take the trouble, "in-cog.," to submit their most honourable persons and baggage to the unceremonious imprisonment and rumpling they must severally undergo. The service is badly organised, of hands there are sadly too few, of system there is none, and those who ought to exercise a right supervision in these matters, content themselves with just that sort of "oversight," which, though it gave occasion to the "custom-house frauds," fails to accelerate the escape of the traveller. While duties are so provokingly levied on small, elegant articles, everywhere coveted, no person on earth can prevent attempts at smuggling; especially I blush while I

quote it "on the part of the ladies." Bless them ! But it proves their descent, Eve coveted forbidden fruit, and they have an equal desire after forbidden lace ; and, like their great ancestress, they do not seem to think it any sin. There is but one way to get rid of all this, viz., by the Premier striking out of the list, all the pretty, inviting little things, which are so irresistibly tempting, and admitting them free. Should he ever see this book, (which to be sure is not very likely), it is to be hoped he will forgive the presumption of interfering with such weighty matters of state. But it may be worth while considering, whether the abolition of duties on French gloves, cambric, essences, and such like innocent impulsives as have been suggested, might not create a diversion in the families of the great landed aristocracy, by inclining the hearts of the ladies to the measure of, at all events, covering the loss, by a fixed duty of 4s. 6d. per quarter on wheat, which mode of abating or abolishing the nuisances complained of, would have the further recommendation of spoiling many a

“Bright” speech, and upsetting altogether the anti-corn-law league, should such be his desire; for all its paying members would instantly fall away from it, and the remainder, by far the greater proportion, would only for a little while, and faintly, talk, in order to gain for their characters, that which some of them sadly want, a little consistency.

AGREEMENT FOR APARTMENTS.

At page 182 you will find a contract already provided for your assistance. But it has been thought advisable to give the form, in reference to furnished apartments, the other being so much less liable to misapprehension or difficulty. In the one now following, it is presumed that a month's occupation has been had,—this is always desirable before taking any of these places for a long term,—as it enables you to ascertain something of their practical working and suitableness, and also to perfect the list of the various articles your family may require. There are persons residing here now

who, for want of this precaution, are suffering the greatest annoyance, so that this suggestion is far from being unnecessary. "The Miethvertrag," or contract, provides for the "letting to you the whole of the floor," which generally includes the accessories as in England, "furnished as already in your possession." For your guidance, a distinction is made in the rent, payable in the months of May, June, July, August, and September, as it is always greater in those, than in the other months; "the rent to be paid on the day of each , and the landlord binds himself to supply you, at stated periods, with clean bed-linen, towels, table-linen, kitchen-linen, and to place an extra bed at your disposal (should you require it): silver, glass, knives and forks, and all other usual and necessary articles are also provided for; and should they not be supplied to you, liberty is given to quit the dwelling at fourteen days' notice. If any thing is broken or damaged, you must make it good."

The last clause "provides against noise or

nuisance; which, if not prevented, a fourteen days' notice will enable you to take yourself out of the way of such annoyances." If your apartments have white curtains, the washing of them also should be mentioned, and the condition of every thing examined before the contract is signed.

MIETHVERTRAG.

DER Herr A vermiethet dem Herrn B
eines ganze Stock vollkommen möblirt
wie er als jetzt in seinem Besitze steht, auf ein Jahr
zu Gulden nämlich vom Juli 18, bis Juli 18.
Es ist noch ferner uns gemacht, dass für Augt.,
Sep., Mai, Juin, und Juli, Gulden, und für
den übrigen Monaten, Gulden p. Monat,
bezahlt werden sollen, daselbe um jedes Monats,
dem Herrn A überliefert zu werden, ferner
verbindet sich Herr A was Weisszeug zu den
Betten alle (Monate) Und alle (Woche)
Handtücher und (zwei) Küchen Handtücher und
Küchen Schürze, nebst (zwei) Tischtücher
rein zu liefern auch soll ein Bett zu jeder Zeit nebst

Zugehör bereit zu seiner Verfügung stehen, und ebenfalls noch Silber, Glass, Messern, Gabeln, Thee und Tischservis, Besen, Bürste und Küchengeräthe von allen Sorten wie sie jétzt in seinem Besitze stehen.

Sollte Herr A weigern etwas von den bedingten oder obergenannten Gegenstände wie sie dormalen in Besitz des Herrn B sind zugeben so soll' es dem Herrn B frei stehen seine Wohnung bei 14 tagige Kunde zu verlassen.

Da gegen ist Herr B verbunden was zufällig verbricht herzustellen.

Wenn aber auch im Hause des Herrn A ein unaushaltbares Geräusch oder was anderes passiren sollte, so dass sein Logis ihm unbehaglich gemacht wird, so steht es ihm frei mit 14 tagige Kunde auszu ziehen.

AGREEMENT WITH LOHNKUTSCHER.

In the contract which you will find (in German) on the following page, Monsieur le Lohnkutscher first binds himself to "convey you and your

family, together with carpet-bags, boxes, portmanteaus, &c., from to within hours,* from the commencement of the journey, for the sum of gulden, including the trinkgeld (or drink-money) and all other expenses," (so as to make it a clearly understood and total sum), "and should he fail therein, no charge whatever is to be made for that part of the journey that may be already performed."

And you, on your part, "bind yourself to pay him gulden, so soon as the journey is performed according to his agreement; and, further, that should sickness or any other cause, on your side, detain you on the road, you will pay him ten gulden per day extra for the time he may be so detained by you."

Contract zwischen dem Herrn A und Kutscher B.

Ich mache mich verbindlich dem Herrn A

* It is important that this form be observed.

mit der Familie und Gepäcke bestehend aus Nachtsäcken, Koffer, und Mantel-säcken binnen Stunden von dem Anfang der Reise von nach zu befördern gegen eine Vergütung von Gulden, die oben genannte Summe alles Trinkgeld und andere zufällige Ausgaben einschließt; und falls irgend etwas an diesen Contract fehlen sollte werde, ich mich nicht berechtigt fühlen irgend eine Forderung an den Herrn A zu machen für den schon zurück gelegten Theil der Reise.

- * Dieser Contract ist doppelt gefertigt und
• unterschrieben worden.

Here must follow place, date, and Lohnkutscher's signature.

Ich mache mich verbindlich dem Herrn B
Gulden zu bezahlen gewiss dem Niedergeschriebenen Contract sobald die Reise von
nach gewiss dem obigen vollendet sein wird: sollte durch Krankheit oder andere Veranlassung von meiner seite die Reise verzögert werden

* Without this it will not be in legal form.

so verbinde ich mich dem Herrn A zehn gulden für den Tag mehr zu bezahlen.

Here again must follow place, date, name, and your own signature.

N. B. The above contracts should be *on the same* half-sheet of paper, and duplicates respectively signed and witnessed, must be interchanged. This done, the police authorities, in any town through which you may pass, will take cognizance of it, and, if necessary, compel the kutscher to fulfil his part of the bargain, and also—but—no—I need not remind you of anything further, because it is not likely you will require any such compulsion to the fulfilment of yours.

WOOD, &c.

THE best wood for fuel is the beech (büche or büchenholz they call it). Its price varies from nine to twelve florins or more per maas, according to the season. It is cheapest about August or September. Lay in a stock at that time, and lock it up; bargain with your landlord for accommo-

dation and keys for this purpose. For the use of the maas (measure) you will have to pay 12xrs.—for cutting the wood, per maas, 1fl. to 1fl. 24xrs., and for the carrying and packing it away, on the first or second floor (German), 24xrs., on the third floor, 30xrs., and on the fourth story or loft, 36xrs. per maas. Bargain with the woodcutter for plenty of assistance, or it will be a much longer job than you think for.

The author of "Rural Life" says a house with four fires cannot be well supplied with wood under £30 per annum. In putting you right here also, it must be told that, according to our own and others' experience, the average cost per annum for four fires, does not exceed £16. I am afraid he was a bad manager!

WEARING APPAREL, &c.

For linen-drapery, you had better go to Spitzer's in the Hauptstrasse. He speaks English, "keeps a good assortment of the various articles in his business, and of a good quality," but—"il faut toujours marchandier"—so says my authority.

For gloves and those little irresistible knicknackeries known as "fancy things," go to Krausman's; the shop speaks for itself, but, it is said, they have only "one price."

You will find, however, that linens, stuffs, cottons, silks, &c., are dearer than in England, and the former not generally so good here. Such, indeed, seems to be the character given of most articles of ladies' apparel. Stockings of all kinds should always be brought from England, there are none like them in this country; shoes and boots much cheaper, but miserably bad; these, together with hats and bonnets, you had better get from Mannheim, (only half an hour per railroad, and the third class (fare 21xrs.) is equally good with the second class carriages in England. Bopp at Mannheim sells very good hats, at 3fl. 30xrs.

Amongst other matters to be mentioned, it may perhaps be interesting to the representatives of the celebrated firm of Price and Gosnell, to know that one of their small hair-brushes, or at least bearing their name, below which the "patent"

lion and unicorn are grinning most furiously, may be bought here for 9xrs., or about three pence English.

COMMUNE BONUM.

Beef	per lb.	12xrs. to 14½xrs.*
Mutton	„	10½xrs. to 12xrs.
Veal	„	9xrs. to 11xrs.
Pork	„	11xrs. to 14xrs.
Bacon. . . .	„	20xrs.
Roebuck	„	16xrs.
Fowls, about 36xrs. to 48xrs. per couple.		
Pigeons, 10xrs. to 12xrs. ditto.		

All the meat here, though not fed as in England, is nevertheless good. The prices are regulated by the police, and the supervision it exercises is both active and efficient. No really bad meat can be offered for sale.

You must take care you do not get too much bone thrown in by way of “make-weight.” The pound weight is rather more than in England.

* Three kreutzers equal one penny.

Colonial Produce—

Black Tea	per lb.	3 florins.
Green.	„	rather less.
Coffee	„	32xrs.
White sugar	„	22xrs.
Moist.	„	14 to 16xrs.
Rice	„	12xrs.

And other articles in proportion.

The finest Cognac brandy, per quart bottle, 1 florin 6xrs.

For all the last mentioned go to “Thomas,” in the Hauptstrasse, whom we always found far more given to cheat himself than his customers—a very unusual failing. English mustard is to be got at Tränkle’s nearly opposite the above.

Bread—you get three excellent white rolls of a good size for a penny (or 1xr. each), and brown bread, of a good quality, proportionably cheaper. Here again you have the benefit of the police regulations as to quality and price.

Cheese—dear and not particularly commendable. English cheese, so called, is not to be

looked at, far less eaten, at upwards of two florins per lb. So much for their estimation of the produce of our English dairies.

Milk—about 3xrs. per maas (nearly a quart), and very good. Of excellent cream, the same quantity costs 9xrs. to 12xrs.

Butter—20xrs. to 24xrs. per lb.

Eggs—about 1xr. apiece, or “42” for 36xrs.

Beer—about 4xrs. per quart, good, bright, brisk, and bitter—and I am only sorry I can't drink it!

Wine—about 24xrs. per bottle—“good.”

Candles—of all kinds, any where here, are neither cheap nor good.

Soap—about 16xrs. per lb.

Vegetables—about one-third the price you would pay in England—some even less than that.

Fruit—abundant and excessively cheap. The finest cherries from 2xrs. to 4xrs. per lb. in the general season. Apples, 40xrs. per 100, brought to the door. Walnuts, 3xrs. per 100, and grapes almost given away.

Amongst your “desiderata” perhaps, as amongst

my own, may be classed a piano-forte. Its cost is about ten gulden for three months or £3 6s. 8d. per annum, and the lender tunes it when necessary without further charge. "Frau," nearly opposite the Badischer Hof, has the best assortment.

MONEY TABLE.

KRON THALER reduced into florins and kreutzers—

K.T.	F.	KR.	K.T.	F.	KR.	K.T.	F.	KR.	K.T.	F.	KR.
1 equals	2	42	11 equals	29	42	21 equals	56	42	31 equals	83	42
2 —	5	24	12 —	32	24	22 —	59	24	32 —	86	24
3 —	8	6	13 —	35	6	23 —	62	6	33 —	89	6
4 —	10	48	14 —	37	48	24 —	64	48	34 —	91	48
5 —	13	30	15 —	40	30	25 —	67	30	35 —	94	30
6 —	16	12	16 —	43	12	26 —	70	12	36 —	97	12
7 —	18	54	17 —	45	54	27 —	72	54	37 —	99	54
8 —	21	36	18 —	48	36	28 —	75	36	38 —	102	36
9 —	24	18	19 —	51	18	29 —	78	18	39 —	105	18
10 —	27	0	20 —	54	0	30 —	81	0	40 —	108	0

Preuss. Thaler reduced into florins and kreutzers—

P.T.	F.	XL.	P.T.	F.	XL.	P.T.	F.	XL.	P.T.	F.	XL.
1 equal	1	45	11 equal	19	15	21 equal	36	45	31 equal	54	15
2—	3	30	12—	21	0	22—	38	30	32—	56	0
3—	5	15	13—	22	45	23—	40	15	33—	57	45
4—	7	0	14—	24	30	24—	42	0	34—	59	30
5—	8	45	15—	26	15	25—	43	45	35—	61	15
6—	10	30	16—	28	0	26—	45	30	36—	63	0
7—	12	15	17—	29	45	27—	47	15	37—	64	45
8—	14	0	18—	31	30	28—	49	0	38—	66	30
9—	15	45	19—	33	15	29—	50	45	39—	68	15
10—	17	30	20—	35	0	30—	52	30	40—	70	0

Five-franc-pieces reduced to florins and kreutzers—

P.F.	F.	XL.	P.F.	F.	XL.	P.F.	F.	XL.	P.F.	F.	XL.
1 equal	2	20	6 equal	14	0	11 equal	25	40	16 equal	37	20
2—	4	40	7—	16	20	12—	28	0	17—	39	40
3—	7	0	8—	18	40	13—	30	20	18—	42	0
4—	9	20	9—	21	0	14—	32	40	19—	44	20
5—	11	40	10—	23	30	15—	35	0	20—	46	40

One franc equals 28xrs. A Brabant dollar is of the same value as a Kron dollar. A "gulden" and "florin" are the same.

OBSERVATIONS.

From what has gone before, it will be seen this part of Germany is neither undesirable nor expensive as a place of residence, but, on the contrary: indeed it seemed to me to present so many attractions, both as regards situation and economy, that I determined to make you acquainted with them, in case you might be disposed to practise some retrenchment, until Captain Warner's "long range" shall have brought down the "income-tax;" in which experiment I wish him more success than attended his other efforts, although I believe it will be a proper long job for him; and I doubt whether government will pay him even with their thanks, for any achievement of the kind, should he succeed.

It might, I think, be easily shown that one great cause upon which low prices must depend, is the divisibleness of the money in which they are

to be paid; and herein Germany, as contrasted with our own country, presents a remarkable feature. Take, by way of comparative example, an English half-sovereign, or ten shillings. This is divided into 20 sixpences—120 pence—480 farthings, the latter scarcely recognized, and no further actual division known among us. The same sum in German money is 6 florins of 60 kreutzers each, making 360xrs., divided again into 1440 pfennings; each of which, in some articles of consumption, will do as much for a poor man here, as can be done by his labouring cousin with an English farthing.

I have observed, that cheapness is found to exist in the greatest degree, in those countries where there is the greatest actual subdivision of the coinage. I cannot stop now to discuss the question, whether such subdivision governs the cheapness of produce generally, or vice versâ; but my opinion, as I have already said, is decidedly in favour of the first; and a broad view of this subject is well worthy the attention of statesmen at this juncture,

when it would probably be found, that an alteration in the coinage of England is as necessary to its welfare as an alteration in the corn-laws.

CONCLUDING ADVICE.

IN any circumstances of difficulty here, or indeed any where, but particularly in a strange country, act straightforwardly and dismiss all "policy" to the devil, whose peculiar weapon it is.

Don't look too much on the worst side of things. If you go into a garden to search for weeds, snails, and dead leaves, you will be sure to find them, but it will be equally your own fault if you return without a nosegay.

Leave home with a determination not to be displeased, and leave behind you a suspicious disposition.

Pay some respect to the feelings, opinions, and position of others ; and believe that it is quite possible to exist amidst habits and customs though differing from your own.

If you meet with men of quarrelsome disposition,

let them alone ; the world will be sure to find them plenty of occupation without your assistance.

Where an effort is made to accommodate or oblige you, don't be ashamed to acknowledge it.

Aim not to appear great, and avoid talking "large;" both these are sure indications of poverty of mind.

Where no sacrifice of self-respect *or* moral principle is involved, it is advisable to conform, as far as possible, to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the place where you may be residing.

Don't imagine that every body intends to cheat you ; avoid imposition by your own good management and the absence of all extravagance ; and above all things keep your temper.

Do not visit any place of public amusement on a Sunday ; it is thoroughly inconsistent with the character and principles of Englishmen, individual and national.

When you have resided here for a year or so, do not run away with the idea that you "know well both Germany and the Germans," for you

will only have read a very small page in a very large volume, full of long chapters, as various as they are interesting.*

* Those ladies who remember the tumult they were thrown into on the first sight of a German washing-bill, will readily appreciate the desirableness of making you acquainted with the following terms, transcribed by competent authority.

<i>German.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Hemd.	Shirt (male).
Frauen hemd.	Ditto (female!)
Kinder do.	Children's ditto.
Knabe do.	Boys' ditto.
Nacht do.	Night ditto.*
Kleid.	Gown or dress.
Ueberwurf.	Frock.
Unterrock.	Petticoat.
Schurze.	Apron or pinafore.
Nacht haube.	Nightcap.
Strumpfe.	Stockings.
Seidene Strumpfe.	Silk stockings.
Socken.	Socks.
Sachtücher.	Pocket-handkerchiefs.
Kragen.	Collar.*
Halsbinde.	Neckcloth or cravat.
Tücher.	Towels.
Tischtücher.	Table-cloths.
Serviettes.	Ditto napkins.
Bett-tücher.	Sheets.

* These seem to be "generic terms," and common to both males and females of these species.

DIE ENTLASSUNG.

" Go little book, Heaven send thee passage good ;

* * *

But 'specially be this thy humble prayer,
To all that thee may meet, or read, or hear ;
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call
Thee to correct, in any part or all."

CHAUCER.

AND now, kind reader, having travelled together through these desultory pages, the time has arrived for me to bid you farewell. I have already pleaded to my deficiencies in the art of "book-making;" and since, amidst numerous failings of these and other kinds, I am but ill qualified to play the preceptor, and so many abler pens than mine are already labouring for your instruction, I should prefer being looked upon in the light of a companion, in which capacity I have endeavoured to

render myself as useful and agreeable as may be, and, at all events, not to lead you astray. It is to be hoped my objects have not been entirely lost; and that if I have failed, the only ill consequence will be my own disappointment. If, however, you should have experienced as much pleasure in reading, as I have done in writing, this little volume; if you should be led to a closer and more thankful view and acknowledgment of the beauties and the blessings of creation; or find yourself disposed to a more kindly perception of human nature, whether at home or abroad; and thereby be preserved, or put into a better humour than otherwise, with your fellow-beings or yourself: surely my efforts will not have been altogether in vain!

ADIEU.

November, 1844.

APPENDIX.

REVOLUTION OF BELGIUM.—The Author, in noticing this event at page 156, wished to have added a few after-thoughts; but, as he resides in Germany, his further observations did not reach the printers in time to have them inserted in their proper place; the reader will, therefore, have the goodness to connect the following passages with the Author's previous remarks upon this subject. He likewise had intended to have taken some further notice of "German Experiences," to which he refers to the Appendix, at page 108; but, not having the book at command, he was unable to obtain it from so great a distance without causing a considerable delay to the Publishers, the reader must, therefore, be content to lose, no doubt, a valuable additional criticism upon Mr. Howitt's production.—EDITOR.

I AM not sure whether it is generally known that Jesuitism was at the bottom of this celebrated revolution. If you do not, however, know it already, you may be apprised that such really was the case. It was

always a priest-ridden country—always getting into hot water—always too strong to obey orders, and, at the same time, always too weak and disunited to preserve for itself independence. It had capital sea-ports, wealthy mines, and good manufactures, but, somehow or other, they never made any use of the first—as to the second, all the proprietors contrived to get “into the Gazette”—and, for the last, while they were busy discussing the question of “*living free*,” the means of “*living at all*” were unheeded—and so they lost “the staple.” Foreign politicians then tried to settle down to quiet industry this “stiff-necked and [rebellious people.” To a certain extent they succeeded, and Belgium was married to Holland, her dowry being broad lands and rich petticoats. Now one would really have supposed such a match propitious, where agricultural produce and manufactures went hand in hand with ships, colonies, commerce, capital, and good markets abroad. But no—she was far too frisky a wife for the Dutchman! and then, her religion would not do; the protestantism of the latter being more than matched by the fierce, turbulent, and intolerant Romanist bigotry of the former. The poor gentleman could not even say his prayers quietly at night, but she would set up such a “caterwauling,” as made him fain to creep into bed, and draw his night cap over his ears in order to hear no more of it. Often, it is said, he wished her at the “naughty place”—often muttered something about a divorce—often threatened her with the broomstick, and altogether they seemed to lead a proper “cat and dog life” of it. His friends, however,

advised him to be quiet and hope for better times. Meanwhile—they were bad counsellors, and it is strongly suspected, from what occurred afterwards, they had some underhanded reason in the advice they gave—meanwhile, recommending him not to thrash her, but to rummage over his wardrobe for a straight waistcoat, promising to help him clap it on her if she became very violent. She did so ; but, on his threatening to use it, the jade fell to kicking and screaming so furiously that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood; and he, then seizing the broomstick, called upon his old friends for their promised assistance, but they treated him most scurvily—turned their backs on him—swore he had ill-used his wife, and sent one of his next door neighbours to put an end to the row—one and all pronouncing for a separation as the only way of getting matters quiet again. This not being exactly what the old fellow wanted, he got moody and sulky—smoked a good many pipes of strong tobacco before he could recover his spirits, which, it may be imagined, were much depressed at finding himself so duped by his friends. The moment the divorce was signed, the lady affected to place herself under the protection of one of John Bull's cousins-german, to whom she offered a five-shilling-piece for his services. But no sooner was this bargain settled than she rushed into the arms of a French lover, with whom she had been often found coquetting, and who, it is well known, had already given great occasion to these matrimonial disturbances. He, however, now pretended to be religiously jealous—said the pope would be very angry—and that, in order to save appearances, the form of

a marriage must be gone through, or else he could not live with her; and, instead of the German having all the bonus, she must divide it — give them half-a-crown a-piece, and all the pew in the church. This was, at length, agreed to. How they settled the matter, heaven knows! It was supposed there was to be a sort of “*triangulo equilatero*,” but there seems to have been some mistake in its construction, as the leg on the side of the English is evidently much shorter than that which represents the Frenchman; and as for the “*base line*,” in which both participate, why, it serves to point England down to a very “*obtuse*” angle, and to show how badly instructed she seems to have been in the political mathematics of the day.

But enough of this trifling, for it is, after all, too grave a matter to be lightly treated. The separation of Belgium and Holland was arranged, fomented, and brought about by the Jesuits, who began the quarrel on the score of education, and they led on those whom they had disaffected — the enthusiasts — the devotees — liberals — fanatics, political and religious of all shades, who sweetly blended their efforts to achieve the desired object. “*See how we apples swim*,” said they, as they drove, cheek by jowl, down the filthy stream of revolution. There was no distinguishing the disciple of the Jesuits from the disciple of the modern French school of free thought, creed, and action! But, victory once gained, they began, like certain others, “*to quarrel over the booty*,” and the unorthodox, having served the turn, were discovered by the former to be dangerous politicians, and quickly

set aside. Then came the cloven foot, and the despotism under which Belgium writhed was deservedly tenfold more illiberal, stringent, and oppressive than any thing that could be charged against the Dutch. For eight or ten years this party ruled uncontrolled, but, at length, light begins to dawn—their doings are beginning to be understood—already have they received more than one important check, and will soon receive others in the great and mighty reaction which is taking place in men's minds against this dark and dangerous theocracy.

But poor Belgium ! She may yet vibrate long between Jesuitism and liberalism without greatly improving herself. She is, however, *free* ! ! To be sure, that is a great thing—but, unfortunately, with the honour she must sustain the inevitable fate of all small countries, which possess the mere glory of independence in the midst of more burly, wealthy, and powerful neighbours. So then she has the pleasure of sitting under her own fig-tree, albeit a barren one, save that the cap of liberty flourishes on the topmost boughs ; for its bark is scathed, and its sap is checked, by the flames of the bonfires from its broken looms. Let her then, if she can, rejoice amid the deep shadows it affords her, of which, not the least are those of eating her own corn—weaving and wearing, as far as may be, her own cloth—blowing out her own iron works, to light those of her neighbours, and sending her coals to France, to enable them the better to compete with her in present and future manufactures.

he says

and he

is not

or he

is not

or he

is not

or he

is not

or he

is not

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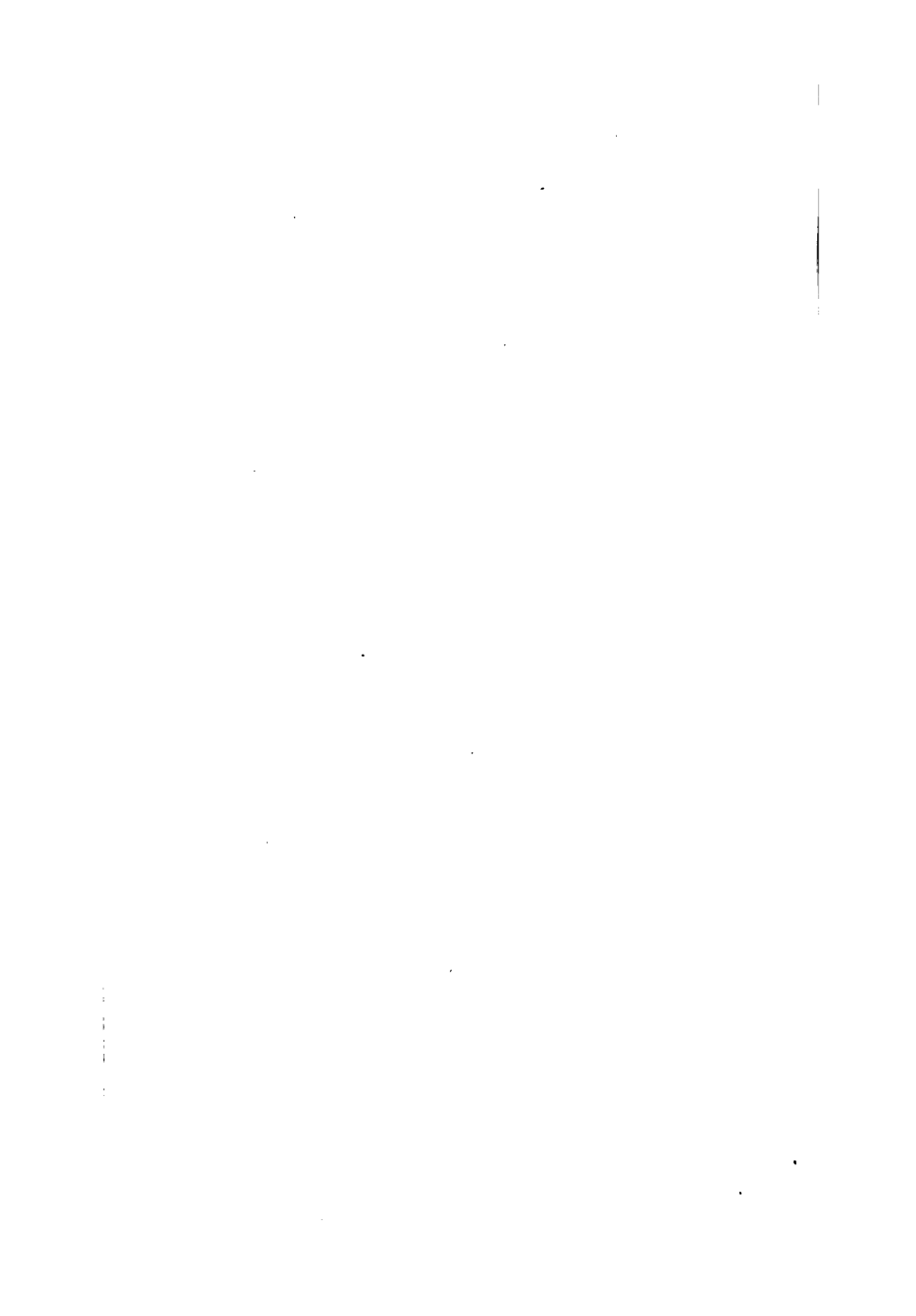
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